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# HEADLINE COMICS

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No. 16

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## FOR THE AMERICAN BOY



In This Issue

**ATOMIC MAN**

A New, Sensational  
Feature





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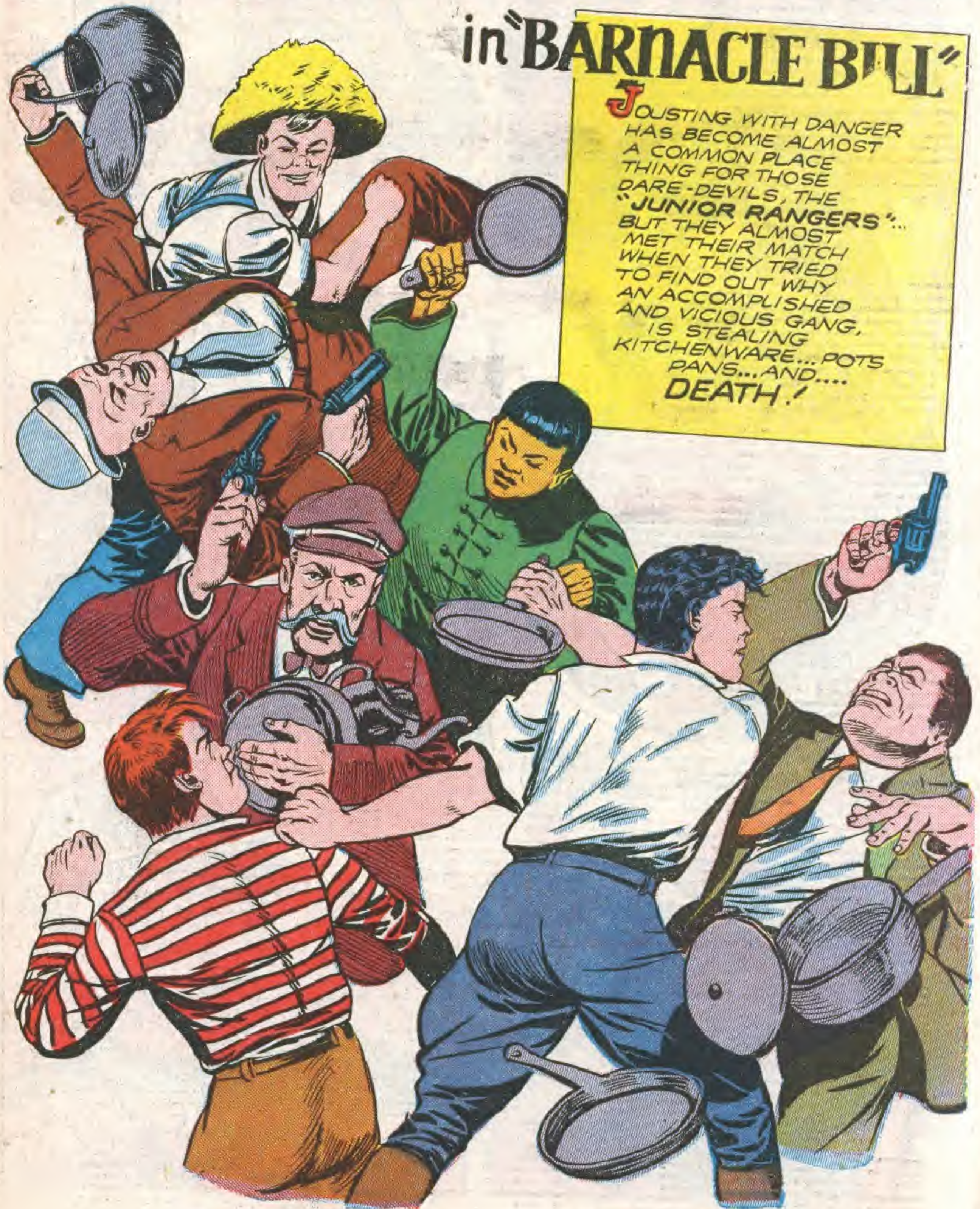
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# JUNIOR RANGERS

in "BARNACLE BILL"

**J**OUSTING WITH DANGER  
HAS BECOME ALMOST  
A COMMON PLACE  
THING FOR THOSE  
DARE-DEVILS, THE  
"JUNIOR RANGERS"...  
BUT THEY ALMOST  
MET THEIR MATCH  
WHEN THEY TRIED  
TO FIND OUT WHY  
AN ACCOMPLISHED  
AND VICIOUS GANG,  
IS STEALING  
KITCHENWARE...POTS  
PANS...AND....  
**DEATH!**







HELP!

ONE MORE YIPE  
OUTA YOU AND  
IT'S CURTAINS.  
SEE?!



HIT THE ROAD,  
BOYS! I HEAR A  
COP'S SIREN!



WE GOT A REPORT  
ON THIS HOUSE!  
SOMEONE SCREAMED  
FOR HELP! IT ALL  
LOOKS QUIET!

YEAH!



AND YOU MEAN TO  
TELL ME ALL THEY  
STOLE WERE POTS  
AND PANS?

YES! IT SOUNDS  
ABSURD, BUT  
IT'S TRUE!



PROBABLY SOME  
KIDS ON THE  
PROWL! SHE JUST  
SAID THEY WERE  
ARMED MEN TO  
IMPRESS US...  
COME ON!

WAIT...  
THERE'S  
OUR  
CALL!



CALLING ALL  
CARS...VICIOUS  
GANG STEALING  
KITCHEN UTENSILS  
SHOT ONE WOMAN!  
ARREST ON  
SIGHT!

WHAT?



WHILE ALL THIS IS GOING ON, WHAT ARE THE JUNIOR RANGERS DOING?...

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE...  
.. OH NO!

WELL, WHY DON'T WE... NAH! THAT'S NO FUN!



A FINE BUNCH OF PEPPY FOLKS! IT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD MEN'S HOME!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO DO, DAD! HAVE YOU GOT A CASE FOR US?



WE COULD GO SWIMMING... BUT IT IS TOO COLD!

WHY BOTHER?



HAVE YOU SEEN TODAY'S PAPER?... THERE'S A QUEER GANG OF CROOKS WHO ARE STEALING KITCHEN UTENSILS OF ALL KINDS IN THE CITY-CAN YOU FIGURE IT OUT?



SEEMS TO ME THIS IS A TOUGH ONE... WHY ARE THEY DOING IT?... WHO'S BEHIND IT?... WHAT'S THE PROFIT?

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

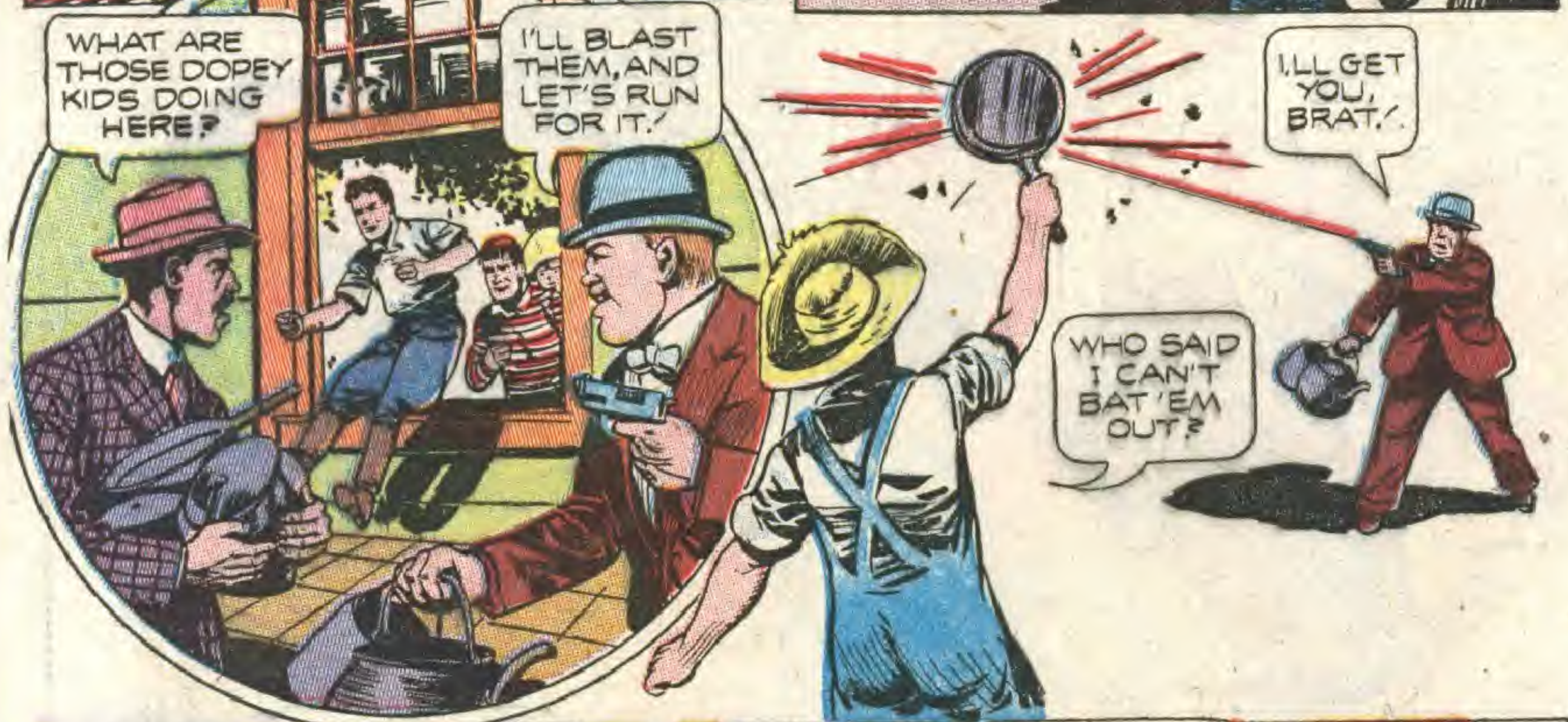


THIS IS THE ONLY SECTION THE CROOKS HAVEN'T TOUCHED!

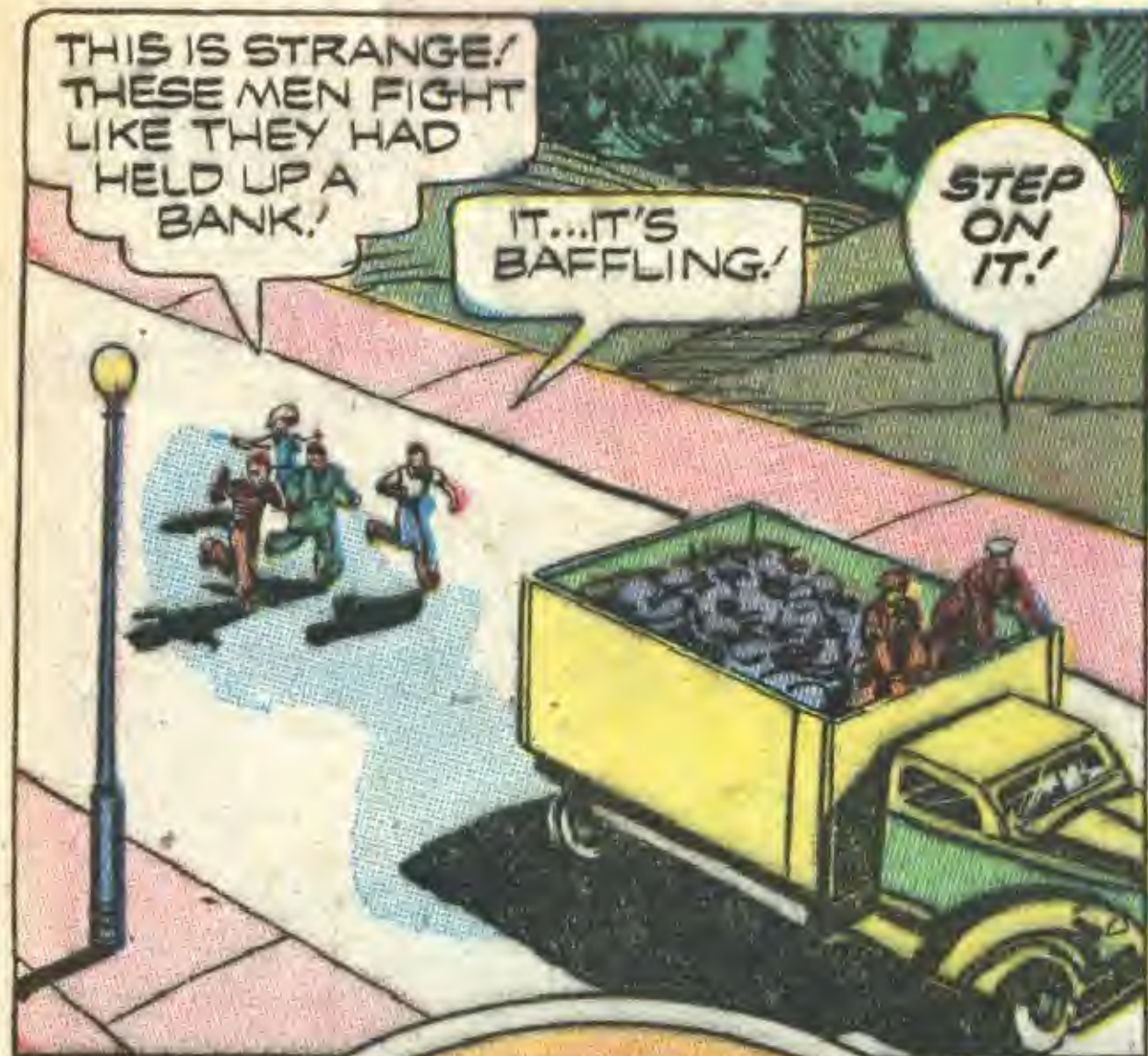
WE SHOULD GET A LEAD HERE!











THIS IS STRANGE!  
THESE MEN FIGHT  
LIKE THEY HAD  
HELD UP A  
BANK!

IT...IT'S  
BAFFLING!

STEP  
ON  
IT!



ALL  
ABOARD!

DEY AIN'T  
GONNA LIKE  
THE IDEA OF  
HITCH-HIKERS!



IF THE BOSS  
FINDS OUT ABOUT  
THIS, WE'LL BE  
GONNERS! LET'S  
DUMP THESE  
SNOOPS BUT  
QUICK!

SUPPOSE WE  
TRY IT OUR  
WAY, AND  
DUMP YOUR



AM I SEEING  
THINGS OR  
IS THAT THE  
JUNIOR  
RANGERS?

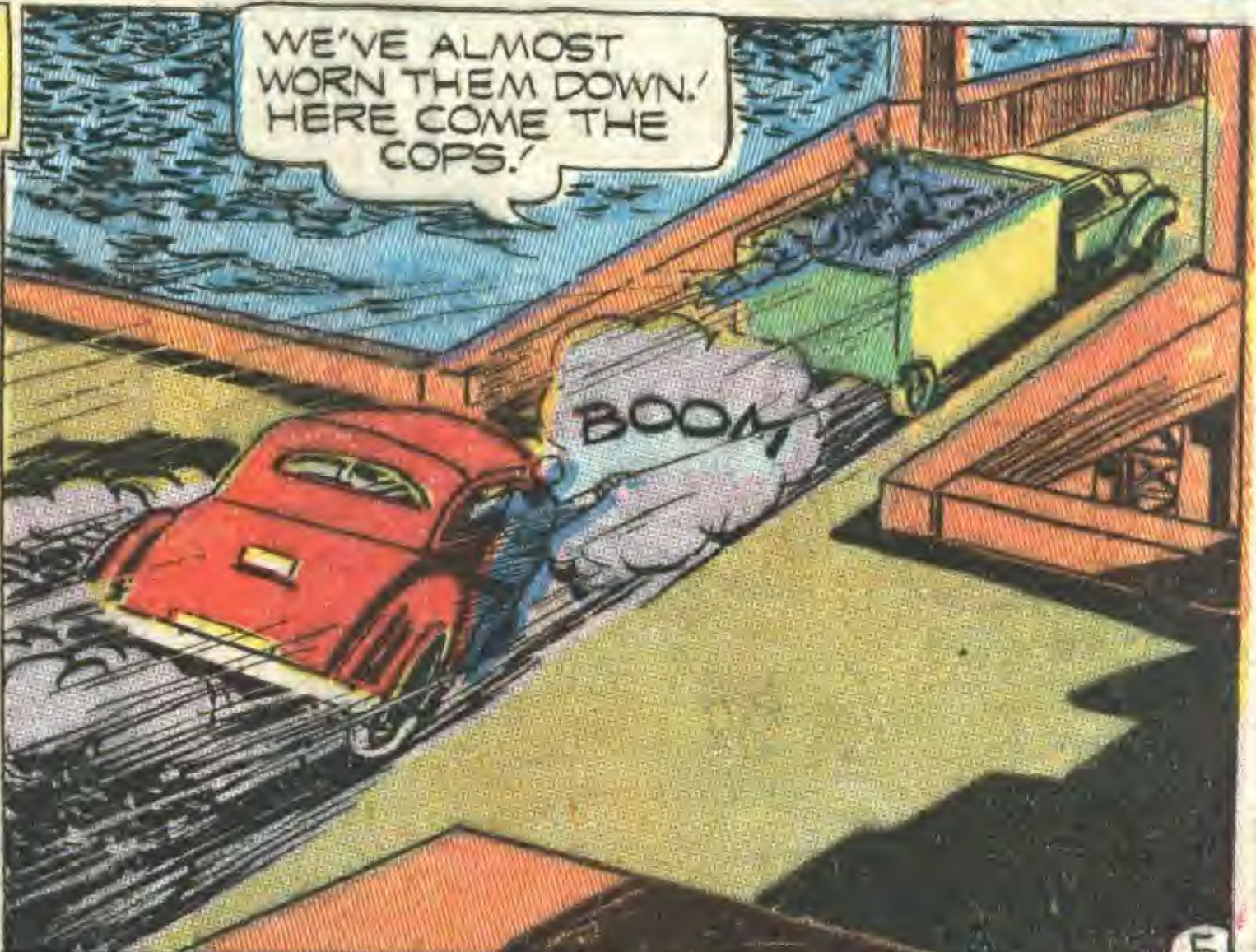
IT IS, AND  
THEY'RE IN  
TROUBLE!  
LET'S  
GO!



FIGHTING ATOP THE SWAYING TRUCK,  
THE RANGERS BATTLE FOR THEIR  
LIVES! A MIS-STEP MEANS DEATH!

AND JUST AN  
HOUR AGO, WE  
WERE BORED.

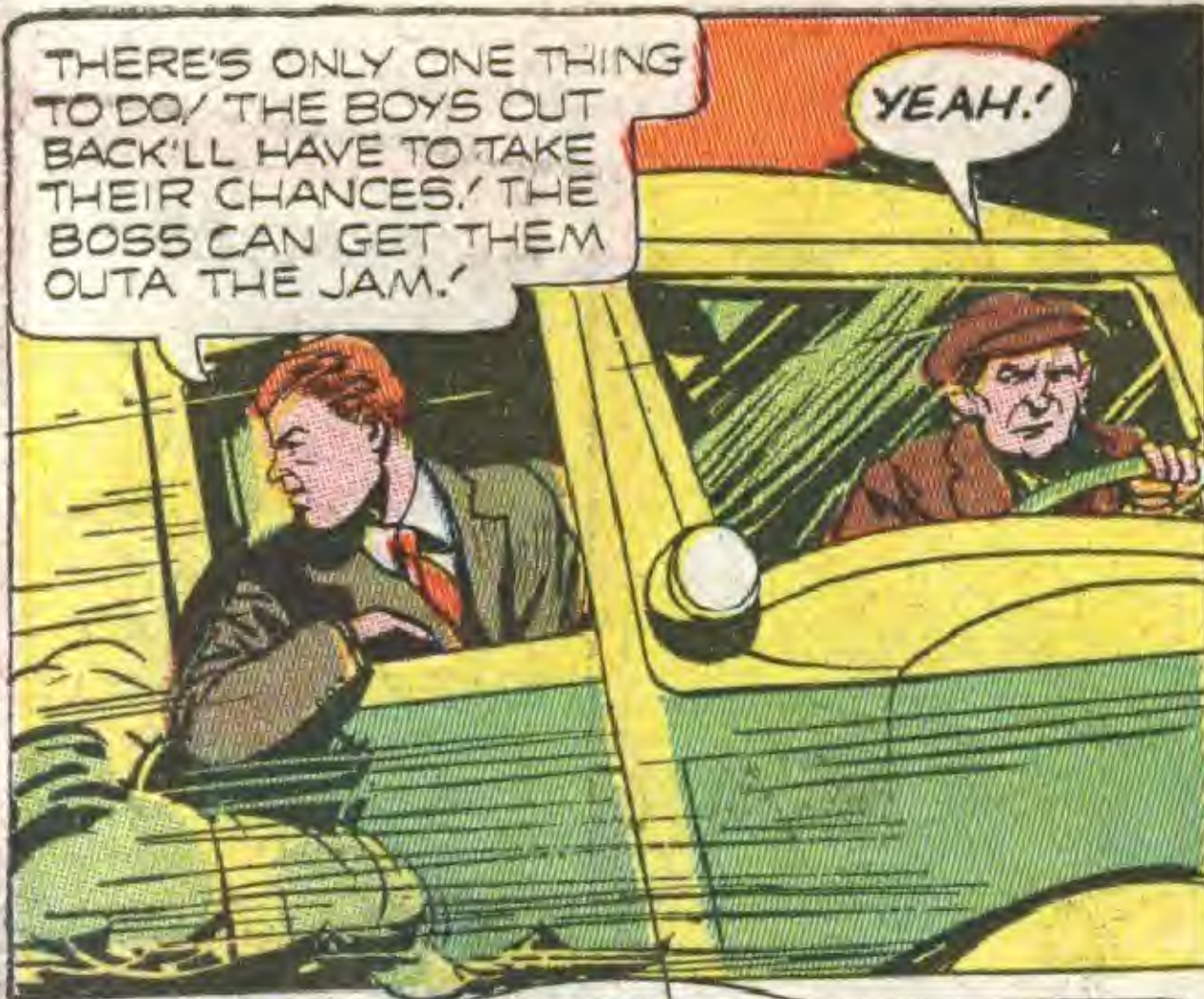
I'LL BORE YOU...  
WITH A BULLET!



WE'VE ALMOST  
WORN THEM DOWN!  
HERE COME THE  
COPS!

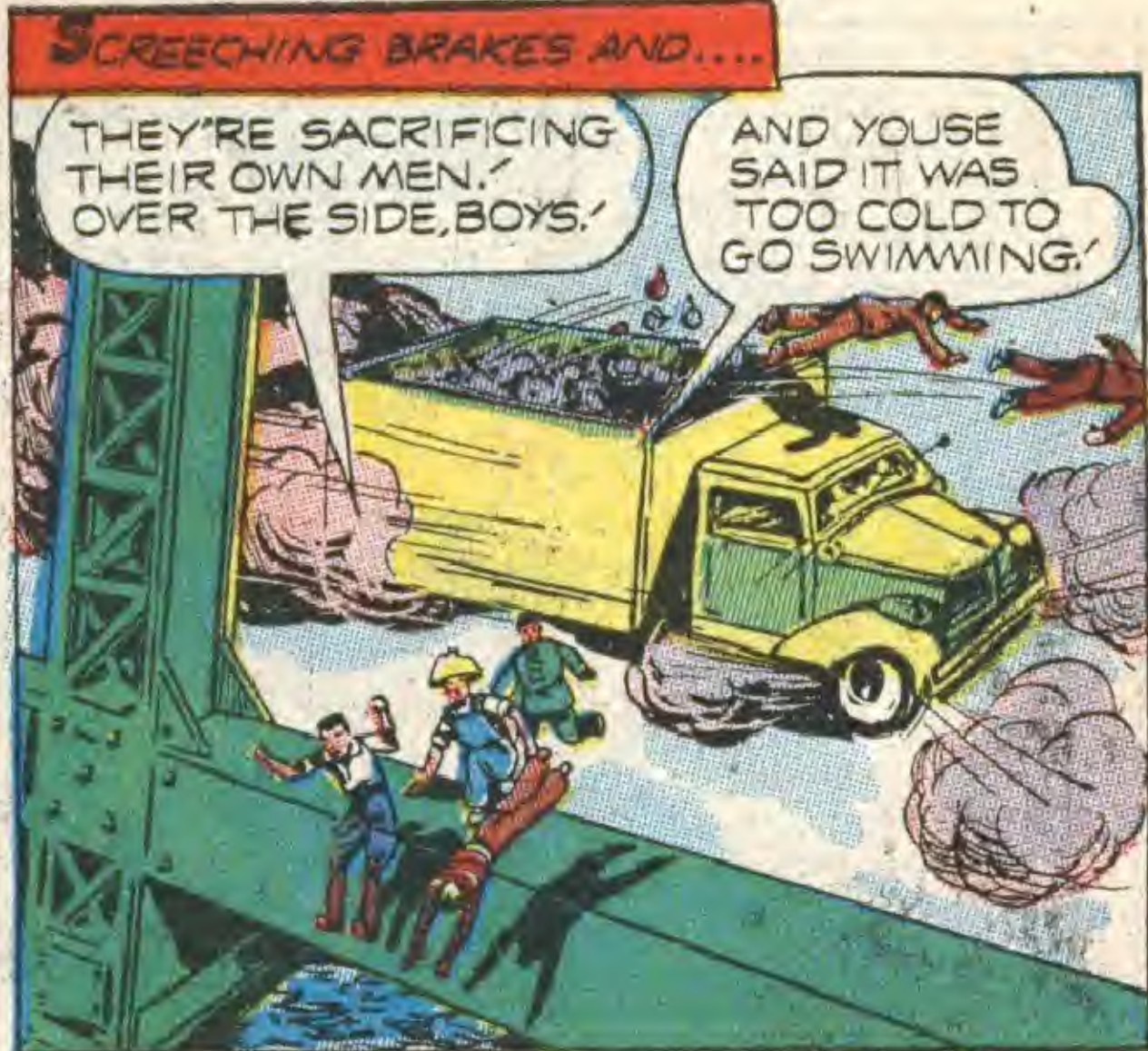
BOOA





THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! THE BOYS OUT BACK'LL HAVE TO TAKE THEIR CHANCES! THE BOSS CAN GET THEM OUTA THE JAM!

YEAH!



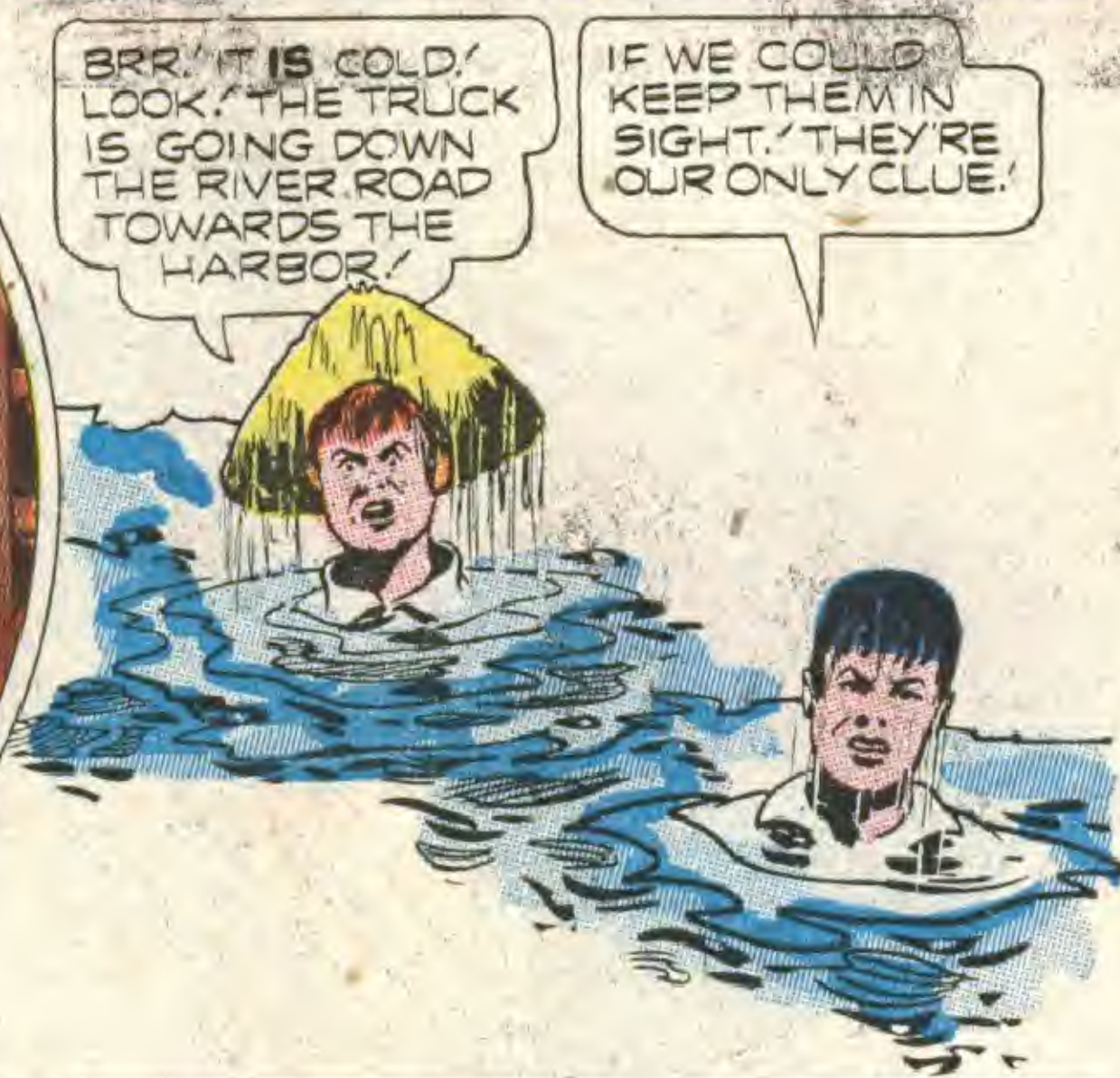
THEY'RE SACRIFICING THEIR OWN MEN! OVER THE SIDE, BOYS!

AND YOUSE SAID IT WAS TOO COLD TO GO SWIMMING!



THOSE JUNIOR RANGERS ARE WONDER WORKERS! HERE'S THE CROOKS!

BUT THE TRUCK'S GETTING AWAY! GUESS WE CAN'T GET THEM ALL!



BRR! IT IS COLD! LOOK! THE TRUCK IS GOING DOWN THE RIVER ROAD TOWARDS THE HARBOR!

IF WE COULD KEEP THEM IN SIGHT! THEY'RE OUR ONLY CLUE!



PUFF PUFF! IT'S NO USE! THERE THEY GO!

LET US PICK UP THE TRAIL ON SHORE BEFORE WE FREEZE!



SOME LEAD! THEY'RE IN THE HARBOR, BUT THERE'S 10,000 OTHER TRUCKS THERE!

..BUT THEY DON'T HAVE THE SAME CARGO!



HOURS LATER...

NO SIGN OF THE TRUCK ANYWHERE!

..IT'S KINDA DISCOURAGIN'!



THERE'S THE PUNKS I TOLD YA ABOUT, THEY ALMOST CAUGHT US!

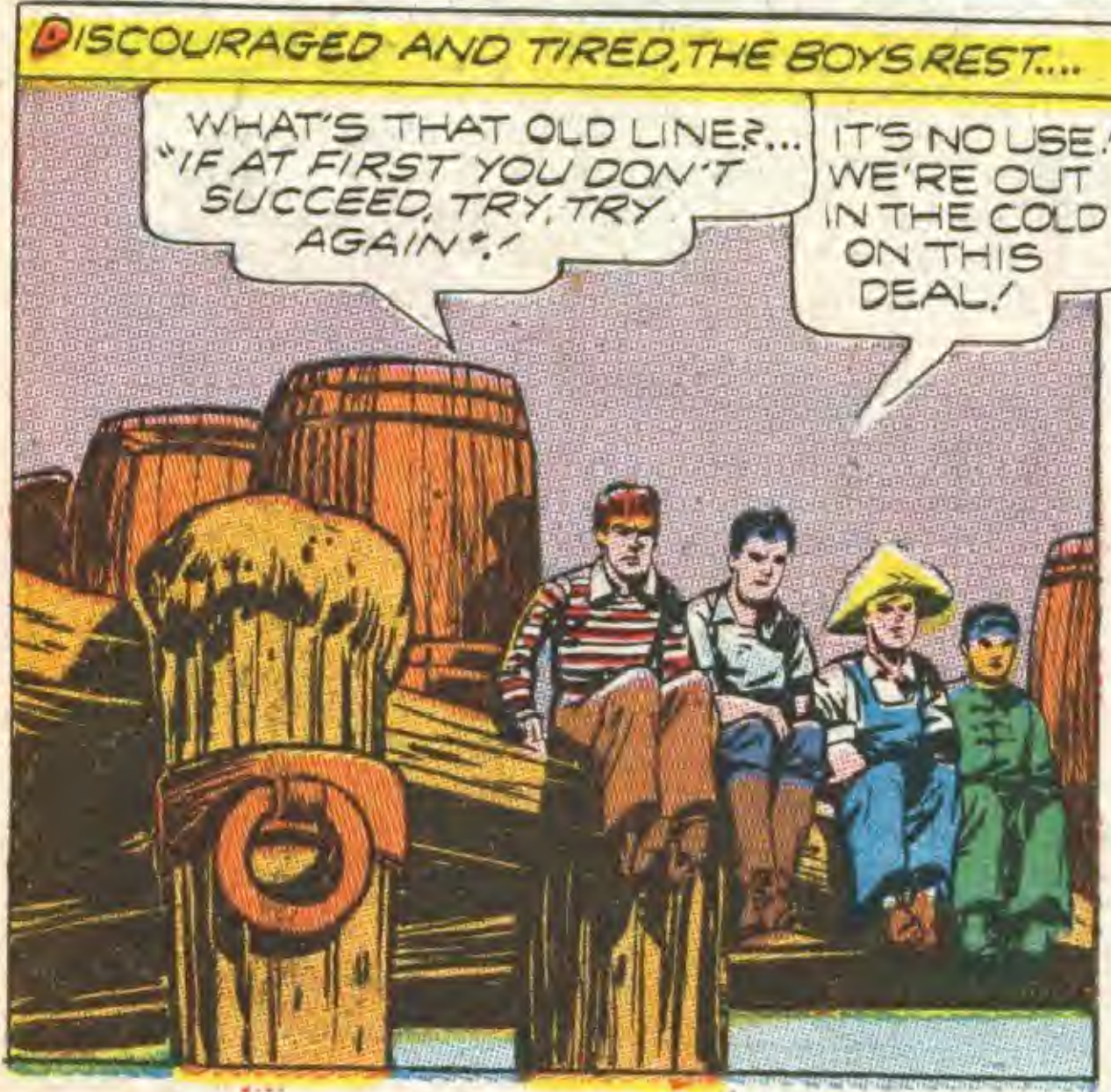
THOSE UNSHAVEN LANDLUBBERS? YUH OUGHTA BE KEEL HAULED... ALL OF YUH!



DISCOURAGED AND TIRED, THE BOYS REST...

WHAT'S THAT OLD LINE?... "IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY, TRY AGAIN?"

IT'S NO USE! WE'RE OUT IN THE COLD ON THIS DEAL!



HMM! THAT'S SOMETHING NEW! BARNACLES ARE THE PLAGUE OF ALL SHIPS! THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE HOURS A SHIP SPENDS IN DRY DOCK!

YEA!..THESE GUYS MUST MAKE A FORTUNE IF THE METHOD WORKS!



**BARNACLES  
BLASTED!**

**USE OUR NEW  
PATENTED METHOD  
AND LOSE ALL  
BARNACLES-THEY  
NEVER COME BACK  
AFTER OUR  
TREATMENT!**

AVAST!-LET OLD BARNACLE BILL TAKE THE HELM! I'LL GET RID OF THESE SPOUTS!

THEY'RE NO PUSH OVERS! WE DON'T WANTA LOSE OUR DOUGH NOW!



MAYBE I CAN MAKE IT WARM FOR THESE BLISTERS!







AHOY, LADS...  
HOW BE YE?

H'M...MAYBE HE  
KNOWS SOMETHING  
ABOUT THE TRUCK!

YOU SALTS ARE GOOD  
OBSERVERS! DID YOU  
NOTICE A TRUCK FULL  
OF KITCHENWARE  
GO BY HERE?



THEY'RE STILL ON  
THE TRAIL! I'VE GOT  
TO TAKE CARE OF 'EM!

CAN'T SAY I DID, SON!  
WHY DO YOU ASK?

BECAUSE IT'S  
STOLEN...NOT  
THAT I KNOW  
WHY!



HUH! THEY DON'T  
KNOW MUCH, BUT  
IT'S BEST TO GET  
RID OF THEM!

SURE!

OH WELL, WHY  
WORRY? WOULD  
YOU LIKE A SPIN  
IN MY BOAT?



YOU'LL ALL BE  
SEEING DAVY  
JONES LOCKER  
SOON! THAT'S  
A SAFE PLACE  
20 FATHOMS  
DOWN!

WELL, THE DAY  
ISN'T A COMPLETE  
LOSS, EVEN IF WE  
HAVEN'T CAUGHT  
THE CRIMINALS!



THERE'S A  
CURIOUSITY!  
**THERE...** IN THE  
WATER, LAD!

WHERE?!



HE'LL GO  
STRAIGHT  
DOWN AFTER  
THAT CLOUT!

IT'S CHAN!  
I'LL GET  
HIM!

MAN  
OVER-  
BOARD!



THEY'RE GETTING SEPARATED  
I CAN'T RISK THIS!..NOW'S  
THE TIME FOR ACTION! NO  
ONE'LL HEAR A SHOT THIS  
FAR OUT!

WHY THE  
DOITY!!!

A  
GUN!



HE'S SHOOTING AT  
ROGER! TH..THIS  
MUST HAVE SOME  
CONNECTION WITH  
OUR CROOKS!



DIS IS SOLVING  
A CASE THE  
HARD WAY!

YEA!..IF WE  
GET A CHANCE  
TO SOLVE IT!



GEE!..DAT GUN DON'T  
LOOK AN INCH BIGGER  
DAN DE HOLLAND  
TUNNEL!



HOW DOES  
THIS FEEL?

UG!

HEY...WHAT  
ABOUT  
ROGER AND  
CHAN?



IN THE  
WATER...

IS HE DEAD?!  
LOOK AT THE  
WAY HE'S  
FLOATING!





IF THAT GUY SHOOTS  
NOW, WE'RE DEAD DUCKS  
I THINK CHAN IS BREATH-  
ING... BUT... **WAIT**... THERE'S  
SMOKEY AT THE WHEEL!



YOU **DID** TAKE  
CARE OF HIM!  
WHY DID HE  
SHOOT AT ME?

FROM DE LOOKS OF  
DAT BUMP ON CHAN'S  
NOGGIN, HE MUSTA  
GOT SLUGGED BY  
THIS GUY HERE!



THAT'S FUNNY!?  
STOP THE BOAT!  
I'M GOING TO....

.. STOP  
DE BOAT? **WHY?**!

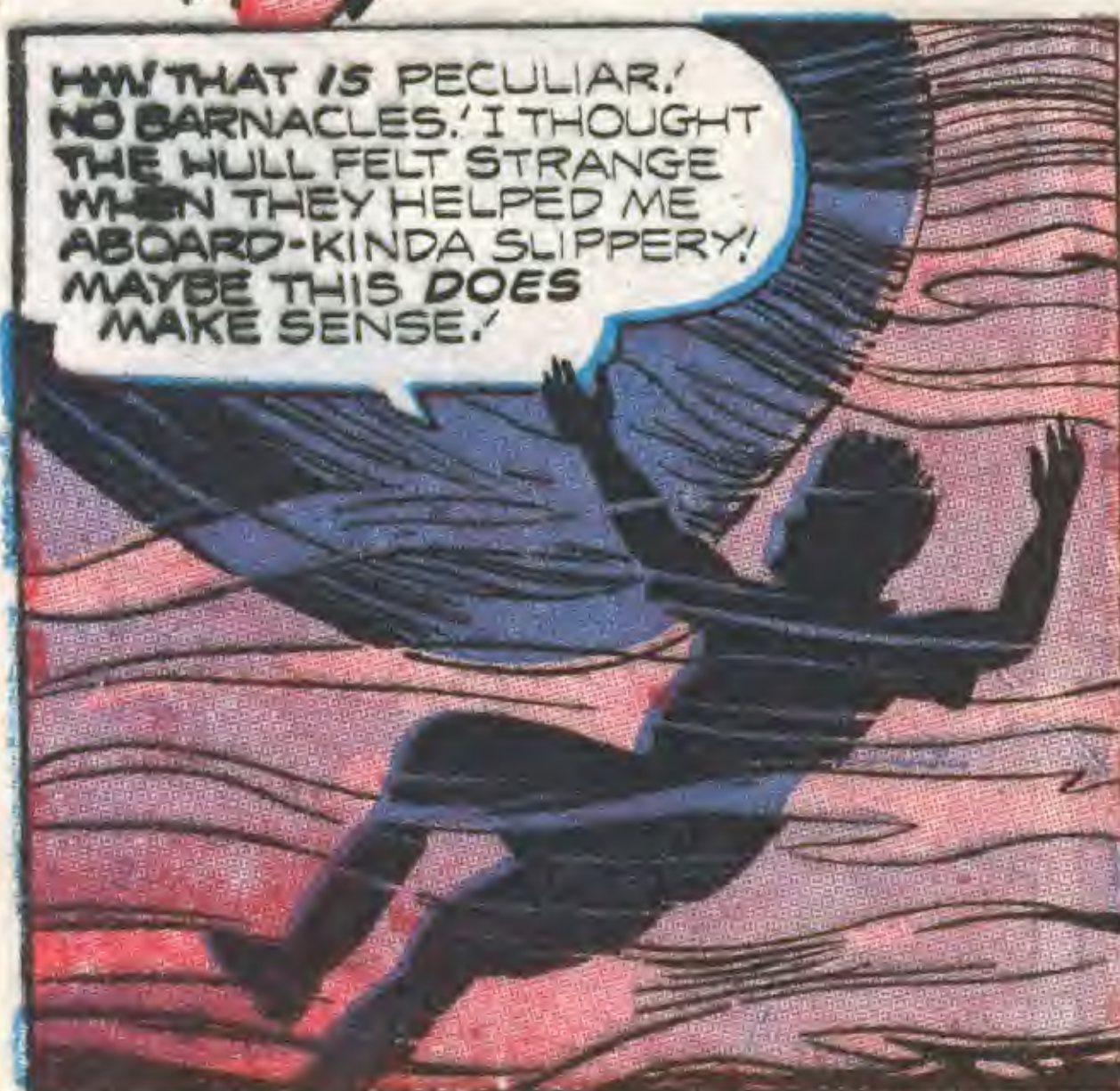


WHAT'S  
ROGER  
DOING?

I CAN'T  
IMAGINE!



HOW THAT IS PECULIAR!  
NO BARNACLES! I THOUGHT  
THE HULL FELT STRANGE  
WHEN THEY HELPED ME  
ABOARD-KINDA SLIPPERY!  
MAYBE THIS DOES  
MAKE SENSE!



OH! MY  
HEAD!

BUT MAYBE IT  
WAS WORTH  
IT! I'VE GOT  
THE CASE  
SOLVED!





OUR FIRST STOP IS THAT BUILDING THAT ADVERTISED THAT THEY COULD GET RID OF BARNACLES!

THAT KID IS WISE I GOTTA BEAT IT!



**SUDDENLY...**

HE CAME TO! THAT'S A FINE SUNDAY PUNCH YOU HAVE, JERRY!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!



**SWIFT AS A DOCK RAT, BILL MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE ROTTEN PILINGS...**

IT DOESN'T MATTER! I KNOW WHAT HIS RACKET IS! AND WE CAN CUT HIM OFF!

HA! SO THOSE GUYS THINK THEY CAN OUT-SMART BARNACLE BILL... HA!



**THE BOYS LEAP TO THE DOCK, AND...**

DON'T KEEP US IN SUSPENSE, ROGER! WHY DID THEY STEAL THE POTS AND PANS?

BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T WANT THEM!



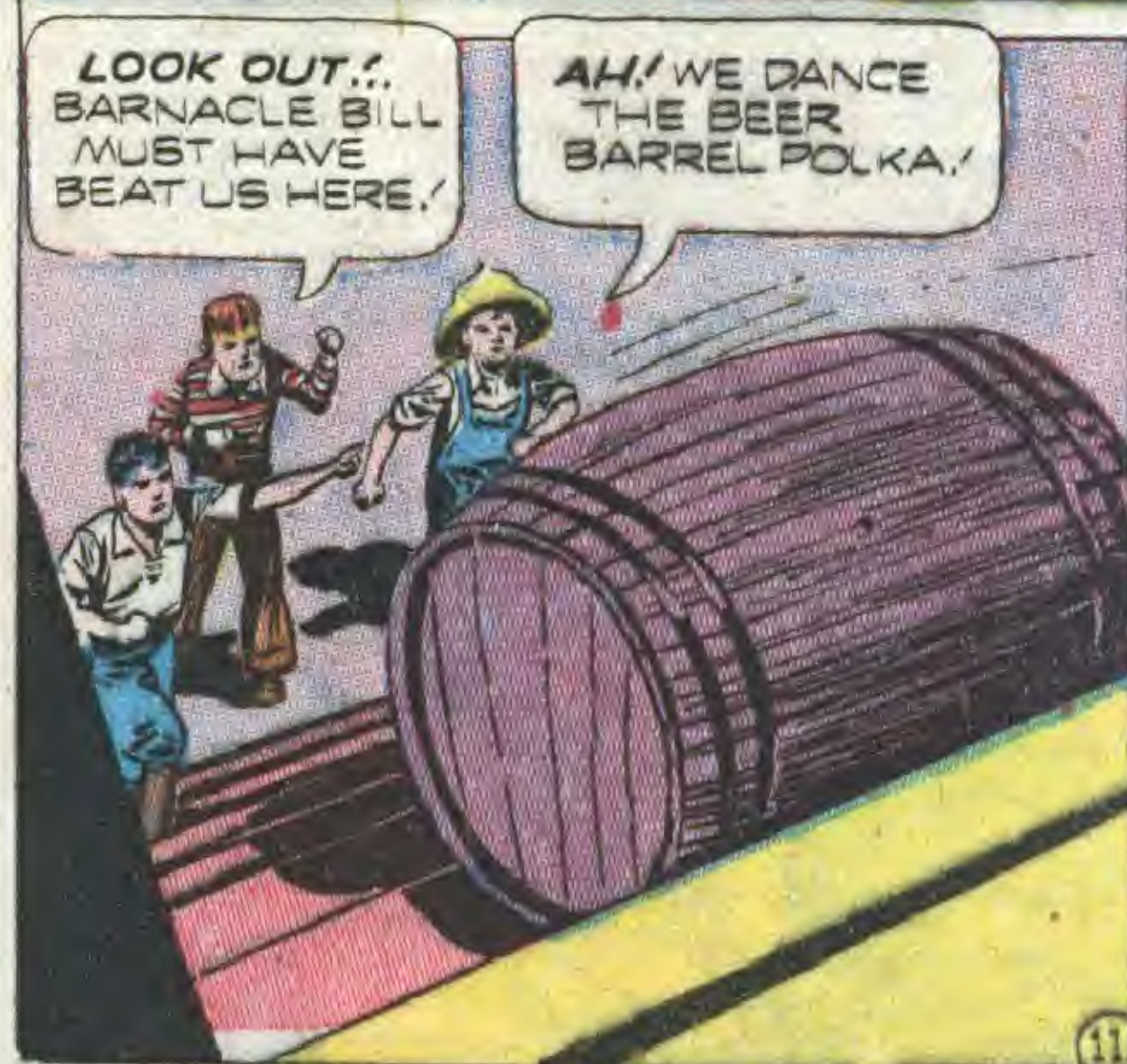
CHAN-YOU STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THAT SMACK YOU GOT, SO YOU GET THE COPS!

BUT...OH... I WILL, BUT ME NEVER HAVE NO FUN!



LOOK OUT! BARNACLE BILL MUST HAVE BEAT US HERE!

AH! WE DANCE THE BEER BARREL POLKA!







THERE...THAT'S WHAT THE CROOKS WERE REALLY STEALING FOR!

BUT...DAT'S MERCURY!



CURSES!.. IT MISSED!..BUT I WON'T MISS THIS TIME!

THERE HE IS!



YOU BRATS CATCH ON QUICK! THAT'S THE IDEA! BACK DOWN TO THE FLOOR! NOW IT'S CURTAINS!

WHAT THE? MY FEET!



I'M SLIPPING!

OOPS!

OF ALL THE LUCK!



OUTSIDE...

BANG! BANG!

SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING! HURRY!



GRAB HIM! HE OWNS A PROCESS FOR GETTING RID OF BARNACLES FOREVER! THE PROCESS USES MERCURY!

SO THAT'S IT! HE COULD NOT GET MERCURY DUE TO THE WAR, SO THEY LOOTED KITCHENS FOR POTS AND PANS, IT SEEMED, BUT THEY REALLY WANTED THERMOMETERS!



# CARROT TOPP



NOBODY EVER THOUGHT OF CARROT TOPP AS FIRST CLASS PRIZE RING MATERIAL... BUT OUR BOY WILL TRY ANYTHING ONCE! IT LOOKED LIKE A PUSHOVER FOR CARROT WHEN HE PUT ON THE GLOVES IN HIS BOUT OF THE CENTURY WITH THAT STRANGE CHARACTER... "THE DUCKER"!







WE'RE JIST DELIVERIN' PAPERS ON OUR NEW ROUTE! WE DIDN'T KNOW ANYBODY ELSE HAD THIS ROUTE!

WELL, NOBODY AIN'T GONNA DELIVER PAPERS AROUND HERE, SEE? AN' THAT'S FINAL!



NOW SCRAM-- FAST!

HEY... CUT IT OUT!

OH, YEAH?



I'LL--- OOPH!

HA! HA! WHAT A COMIC DAT GUY IS!



THINK YER WISE, HUH?

AGH!!

WH-WHERE AM I?

WAK!

TWEET!



GO ON, BEAT IT--- BEFORE WE PUSH YER FACE IN!

LAY OFF ME!

SO IT'S TWO TO ONE, HUH?



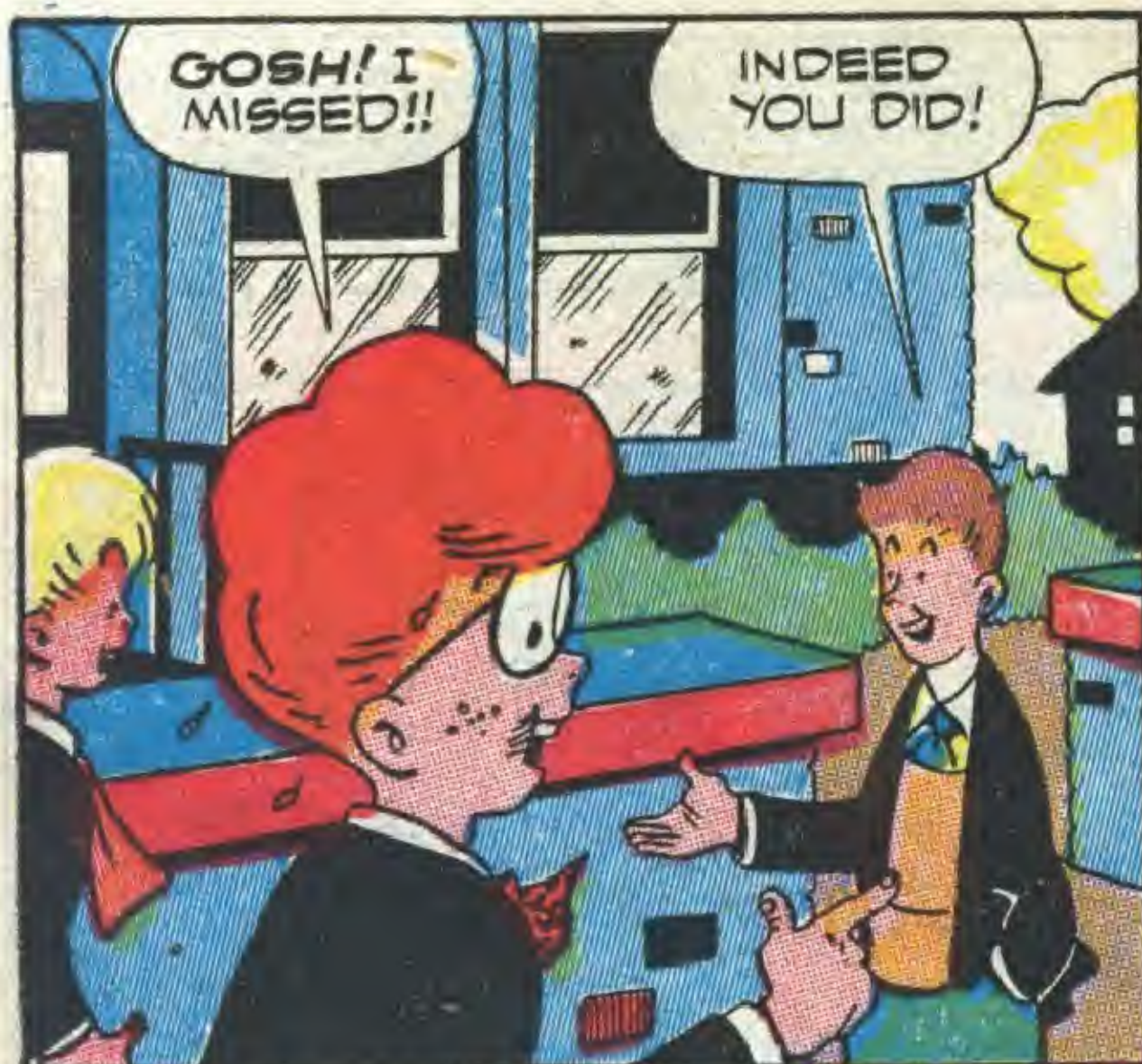
YOU, TOO, FUNNYFACE! TAKE A POWDER!!

GIT YER HANDS OFF ME, JERK!

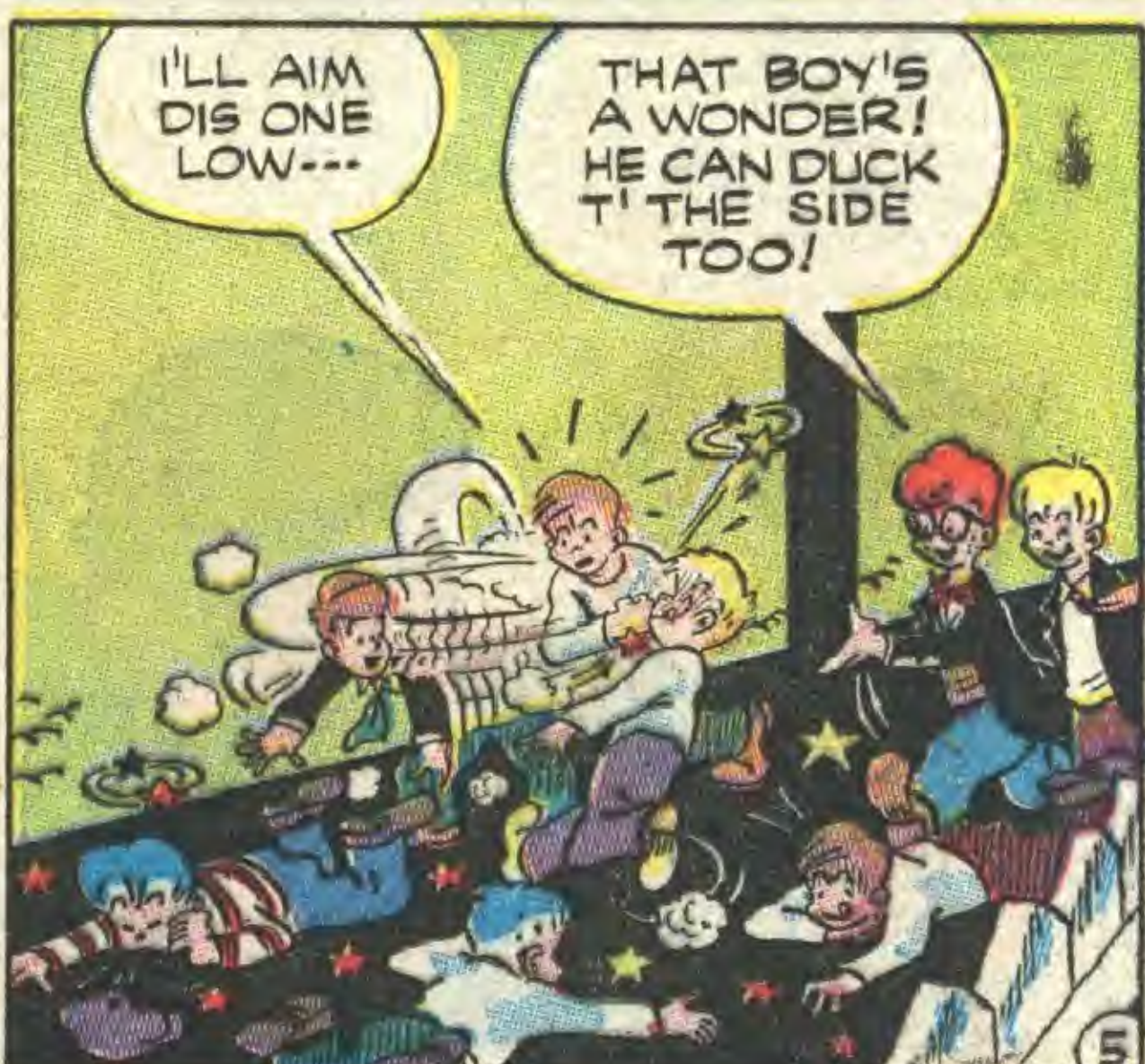




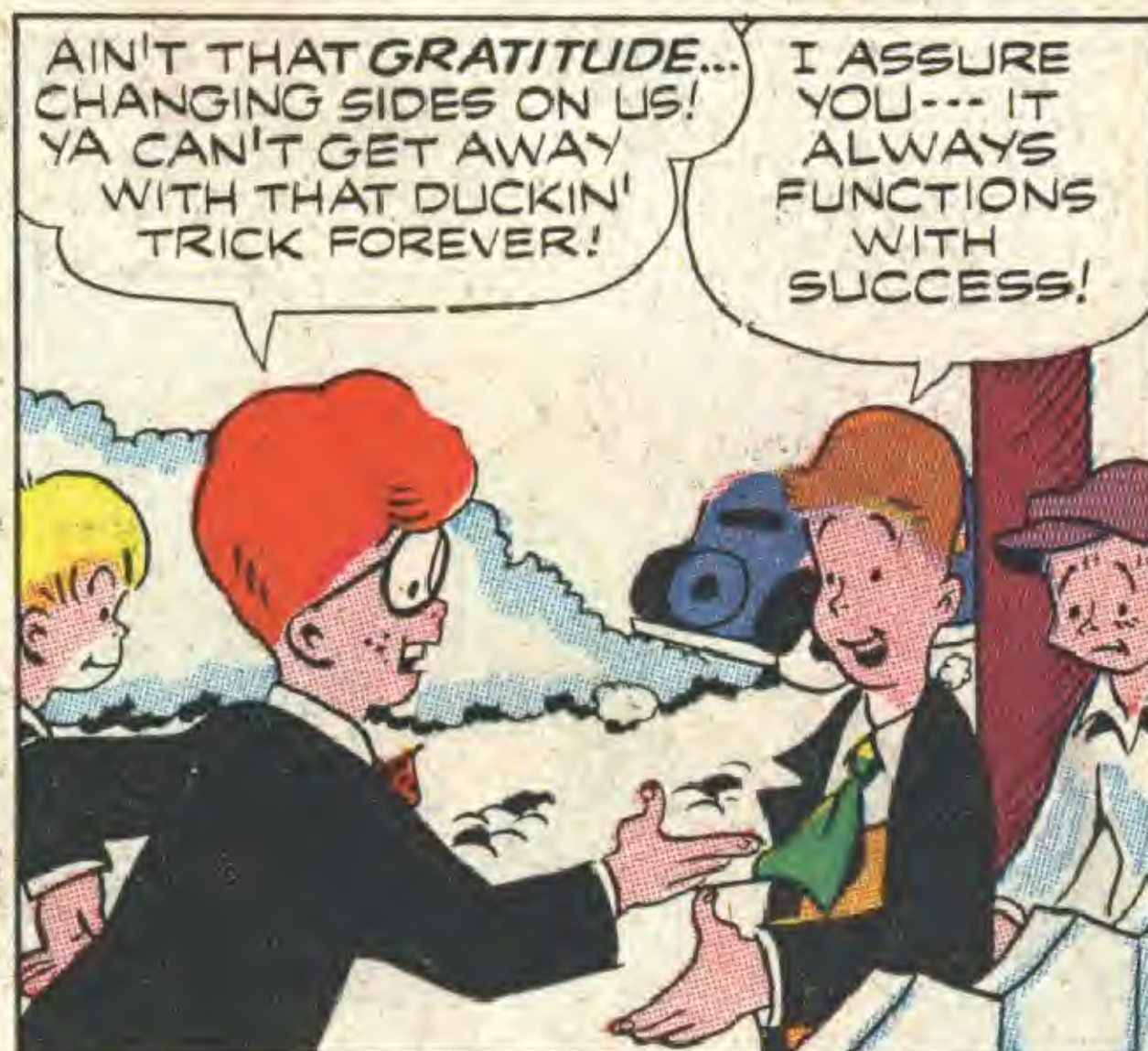




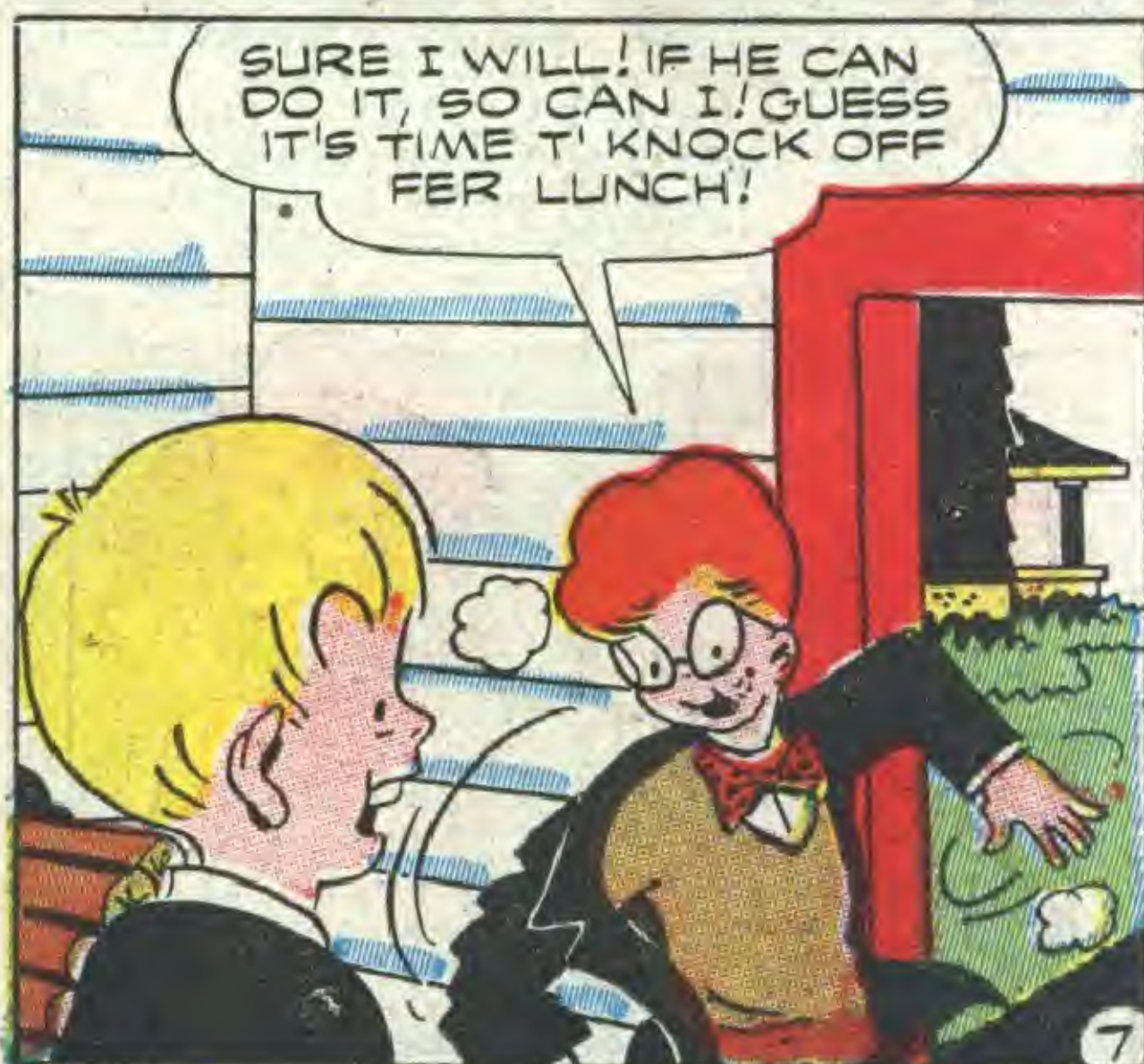




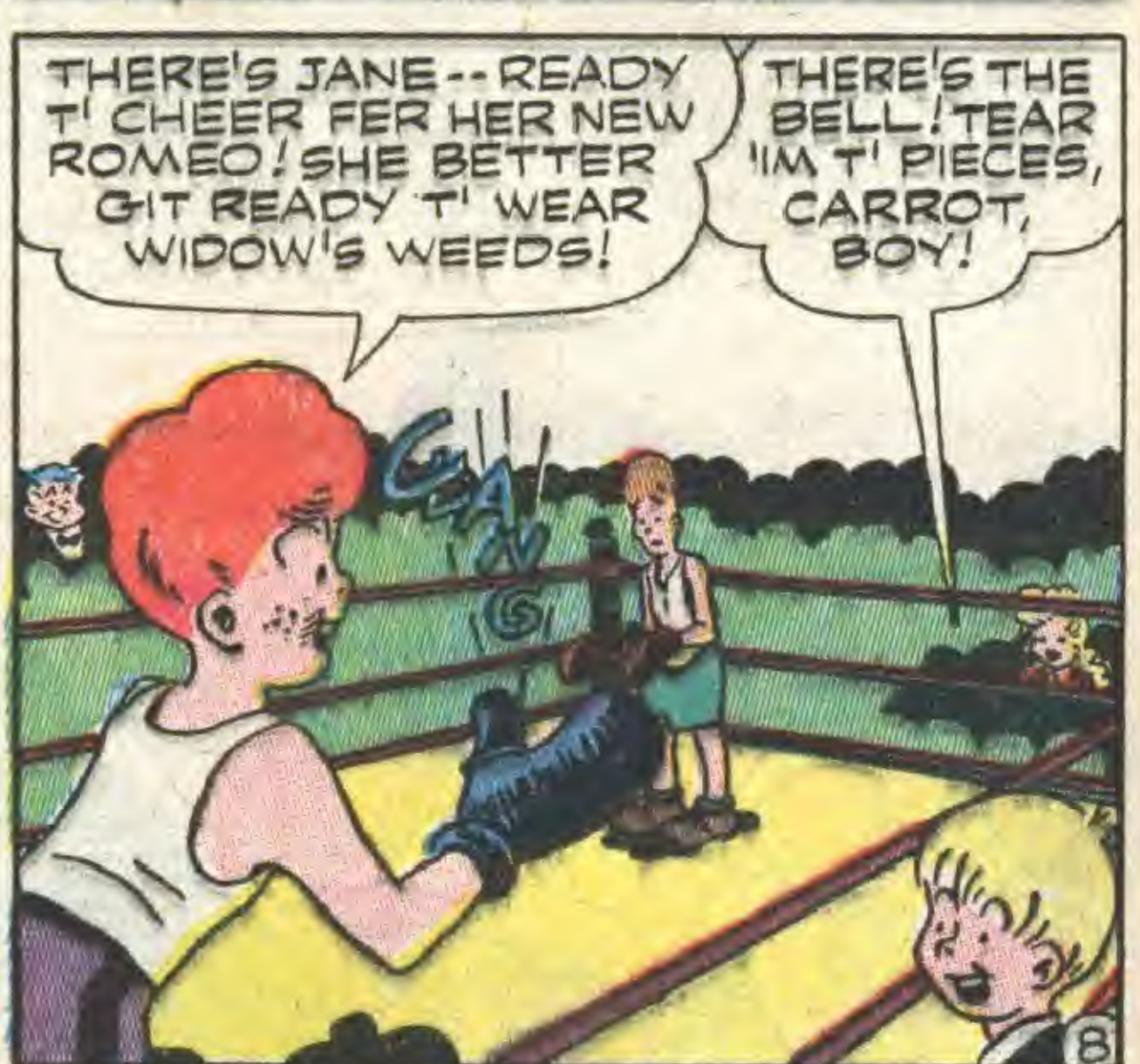
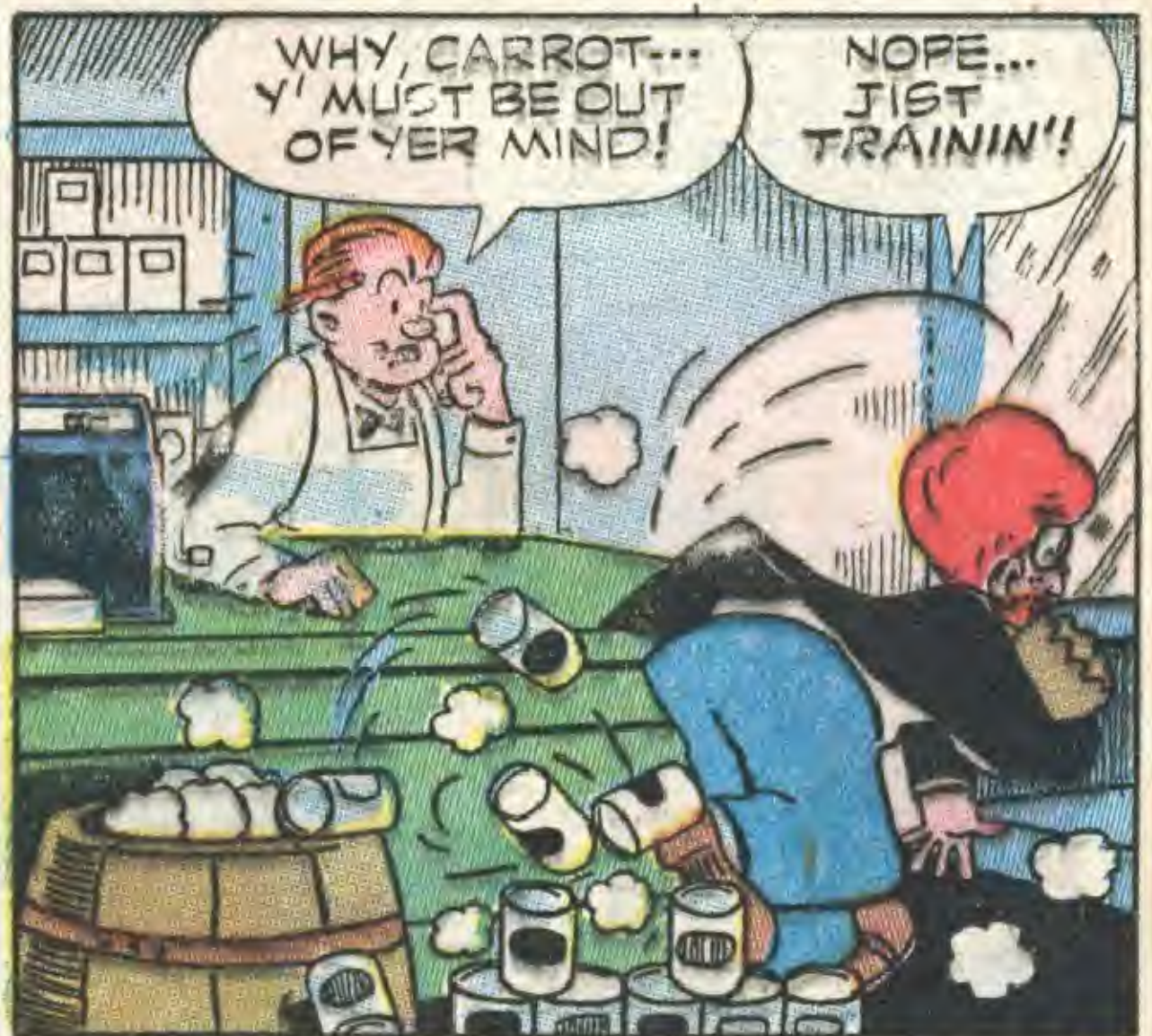




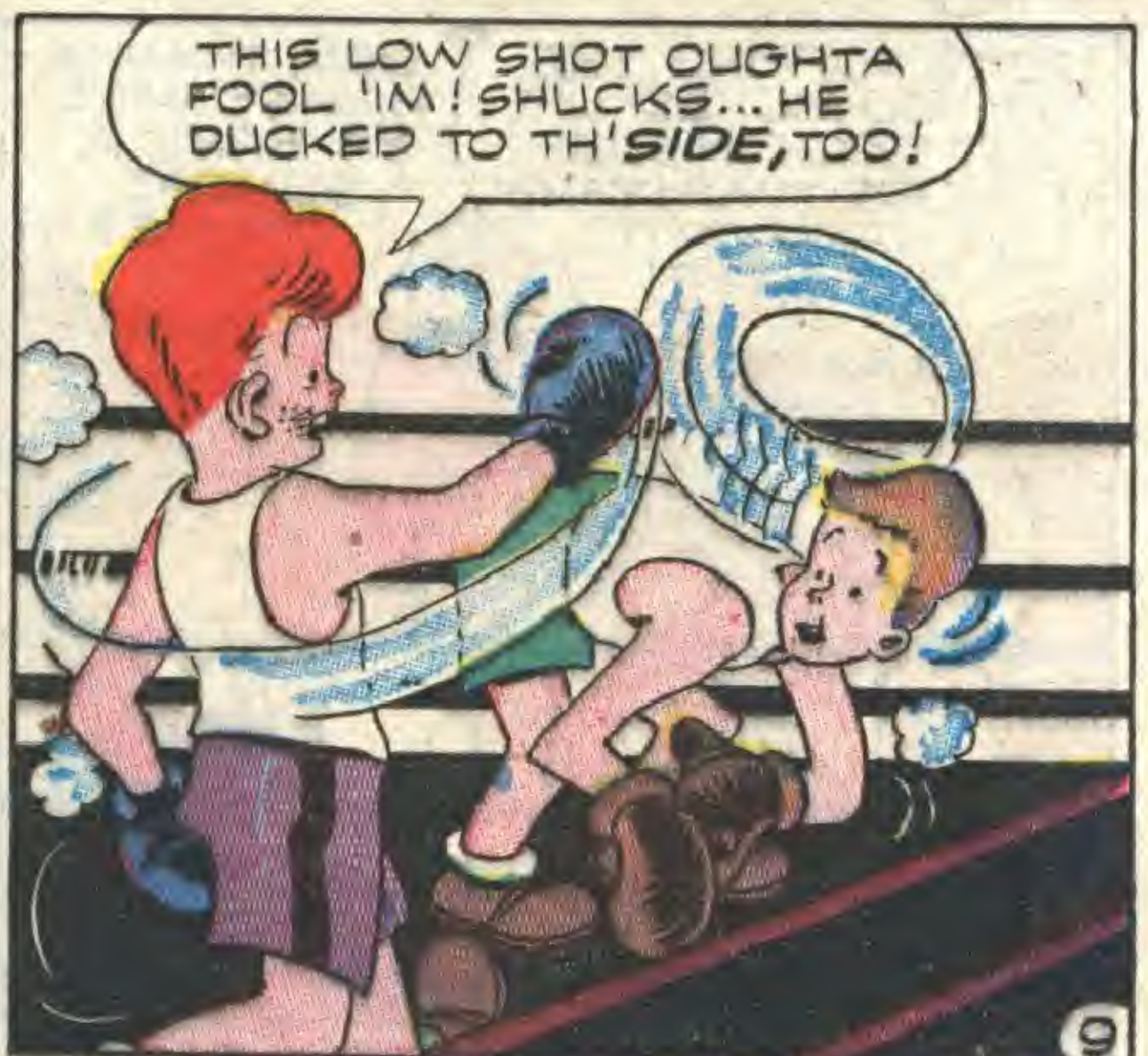
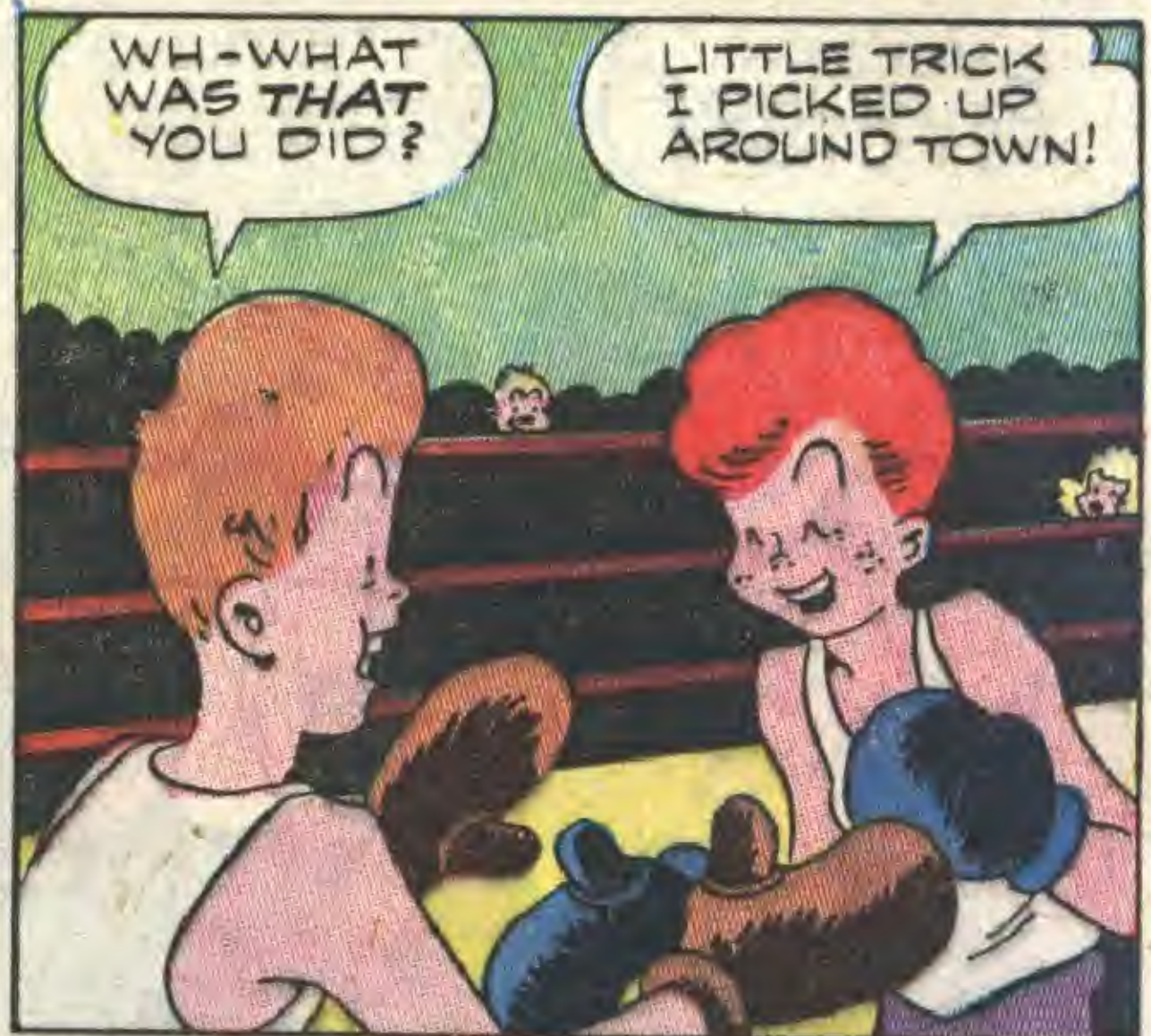
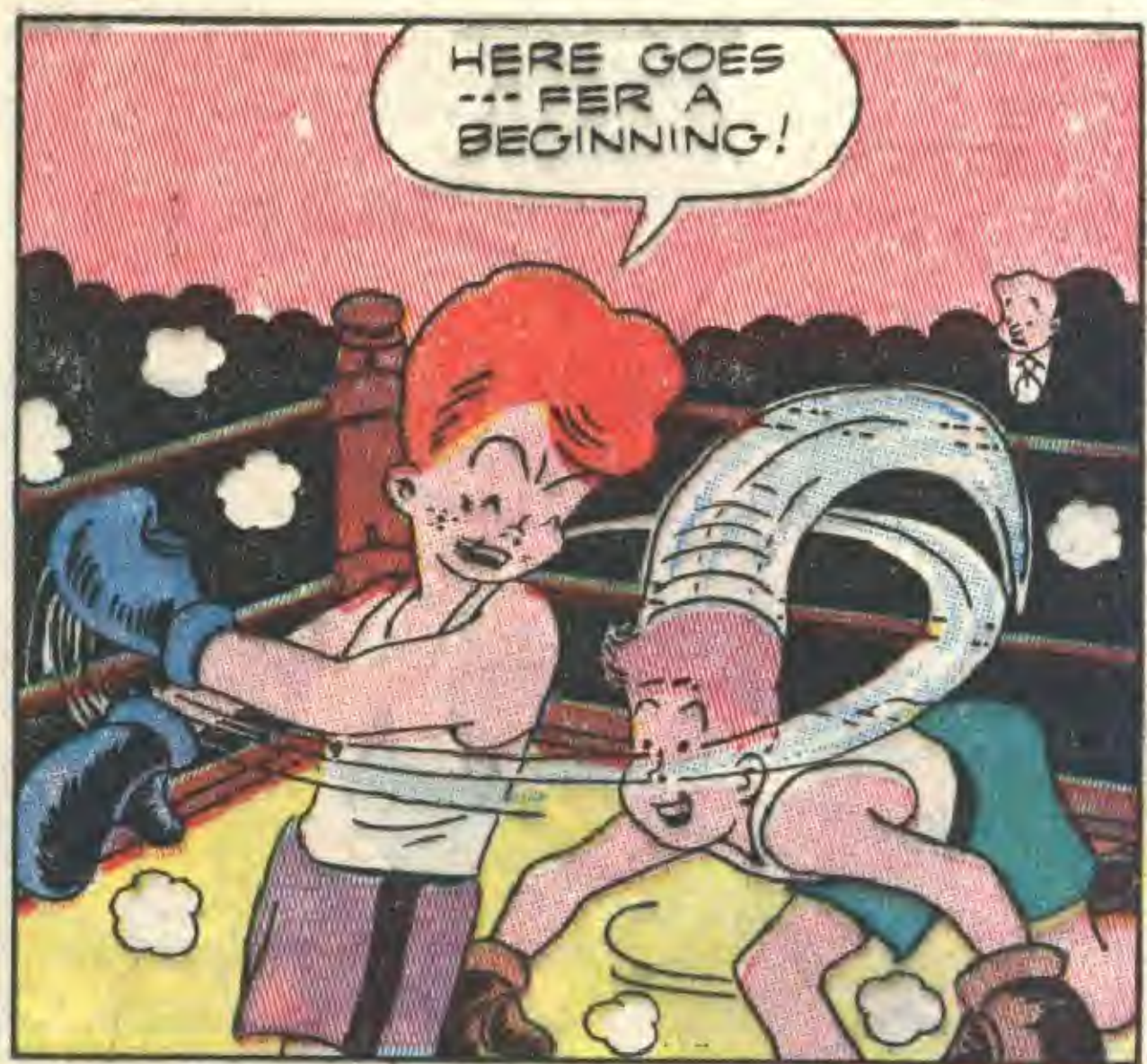




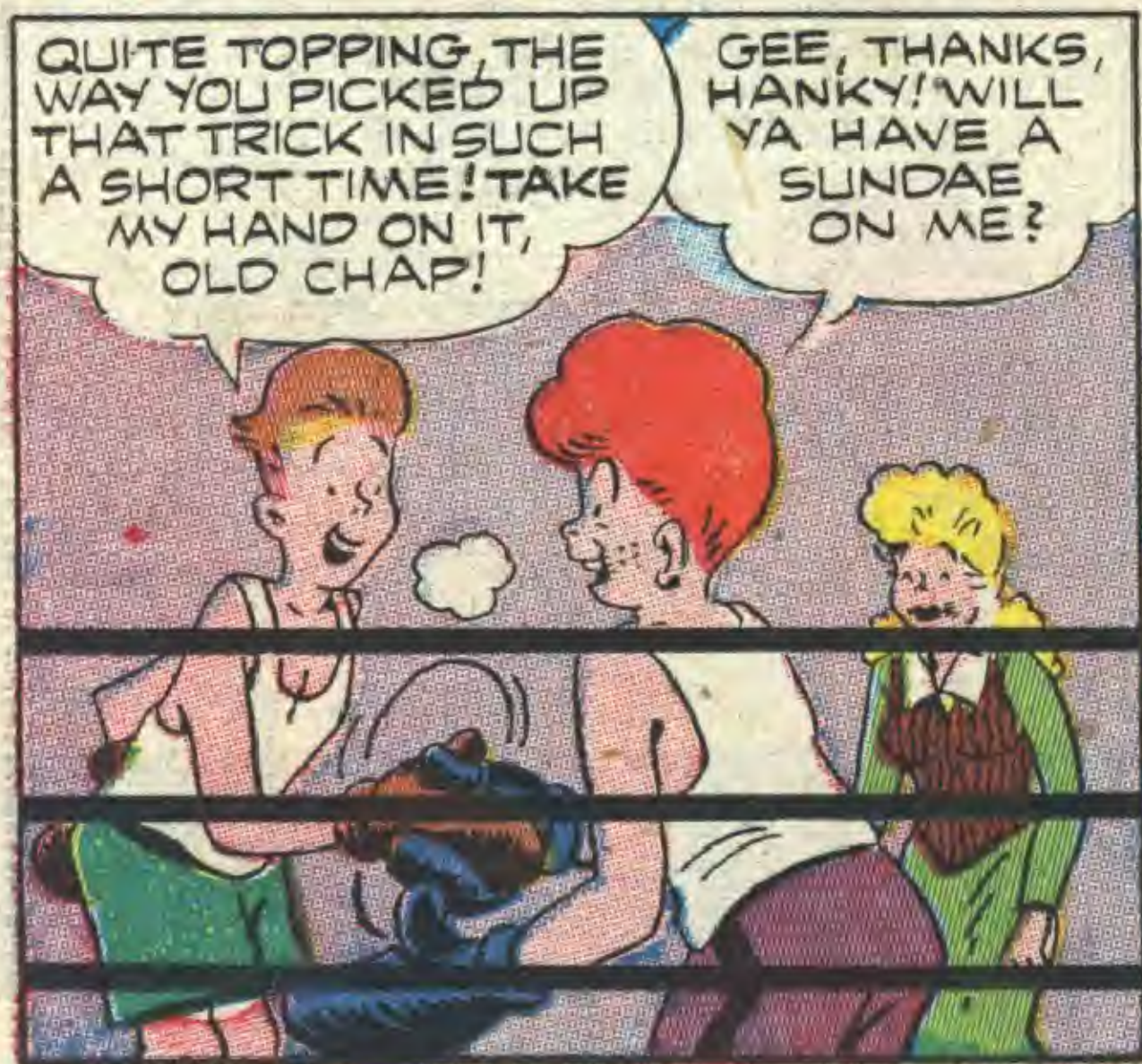
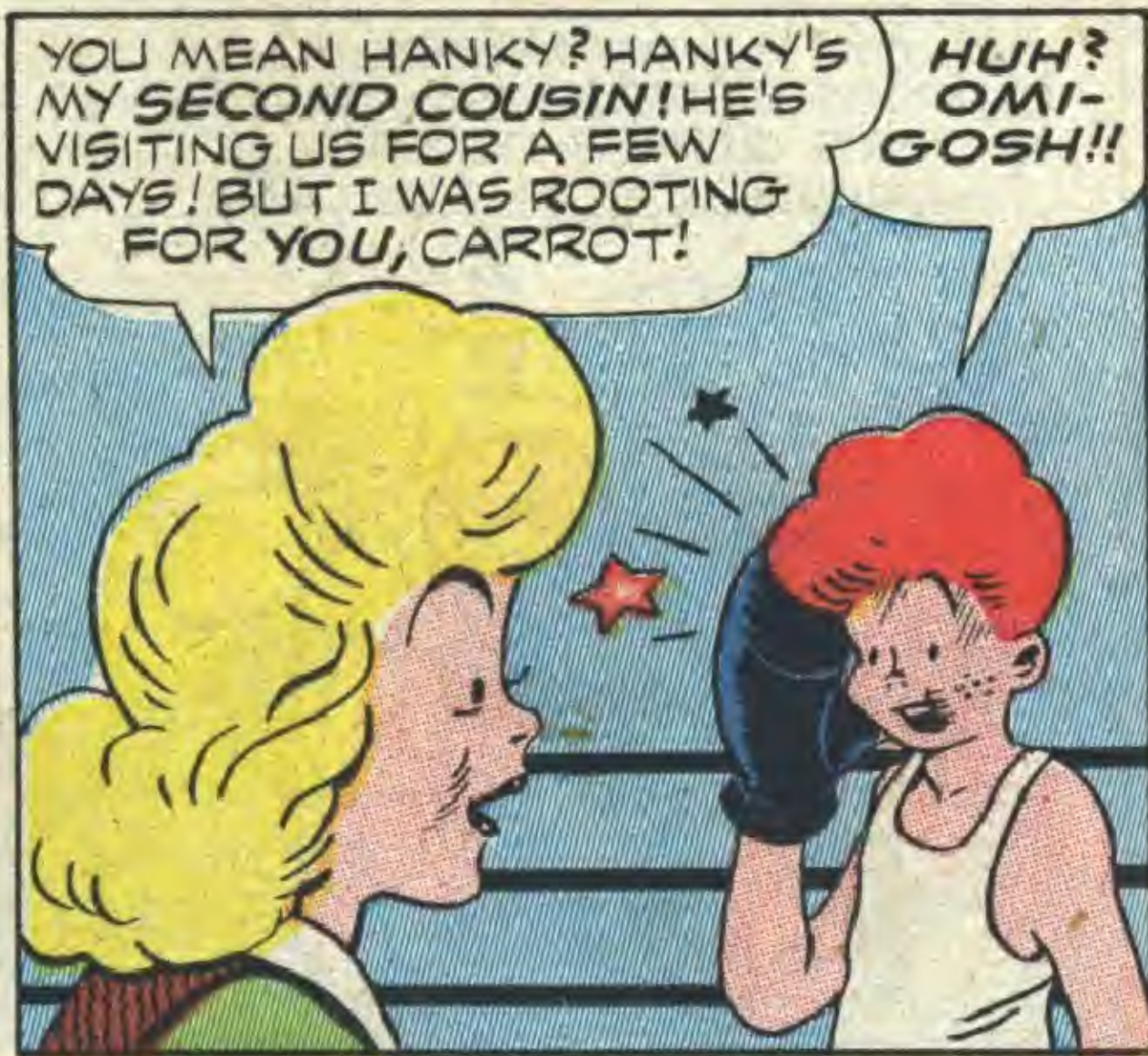
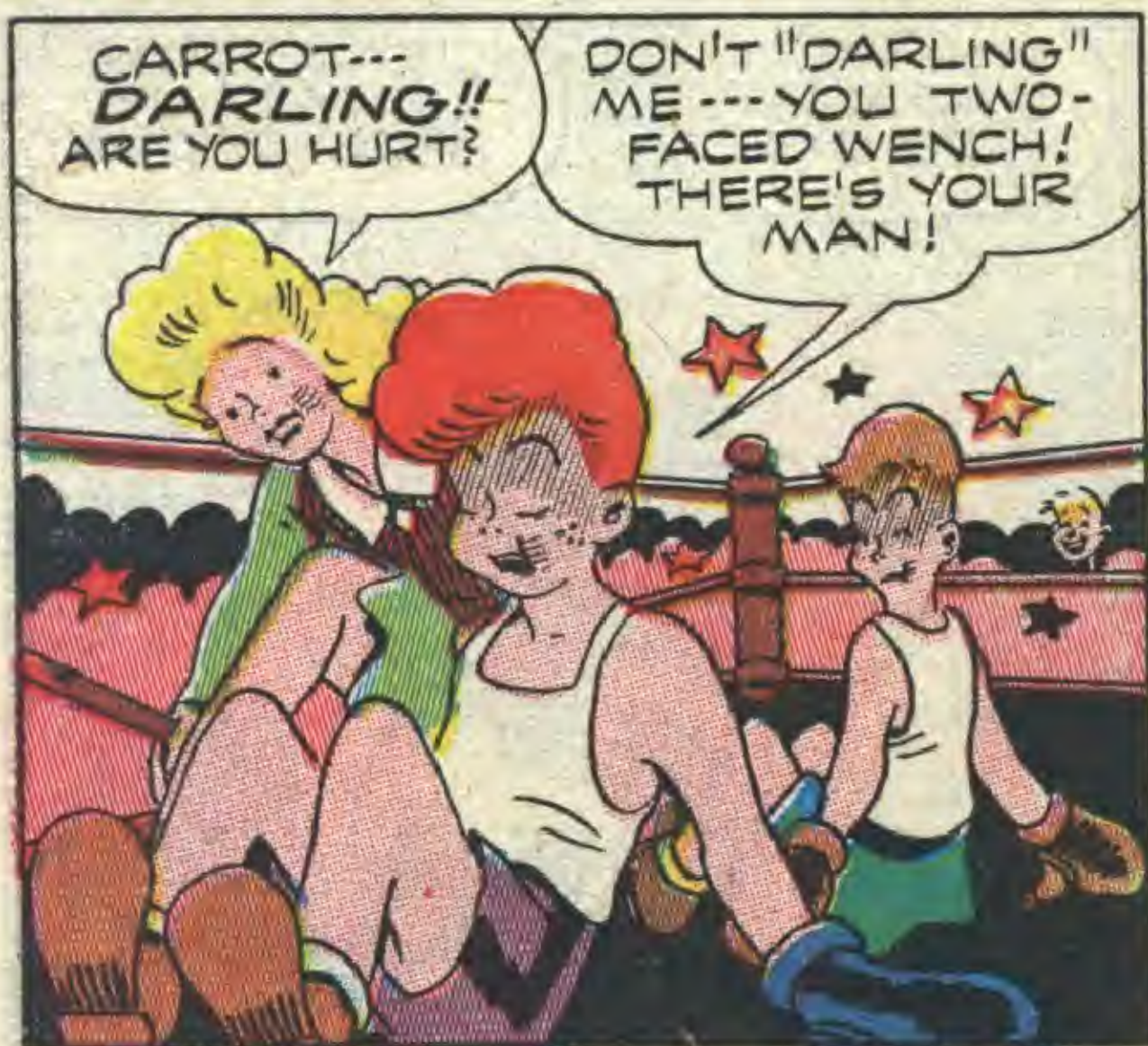
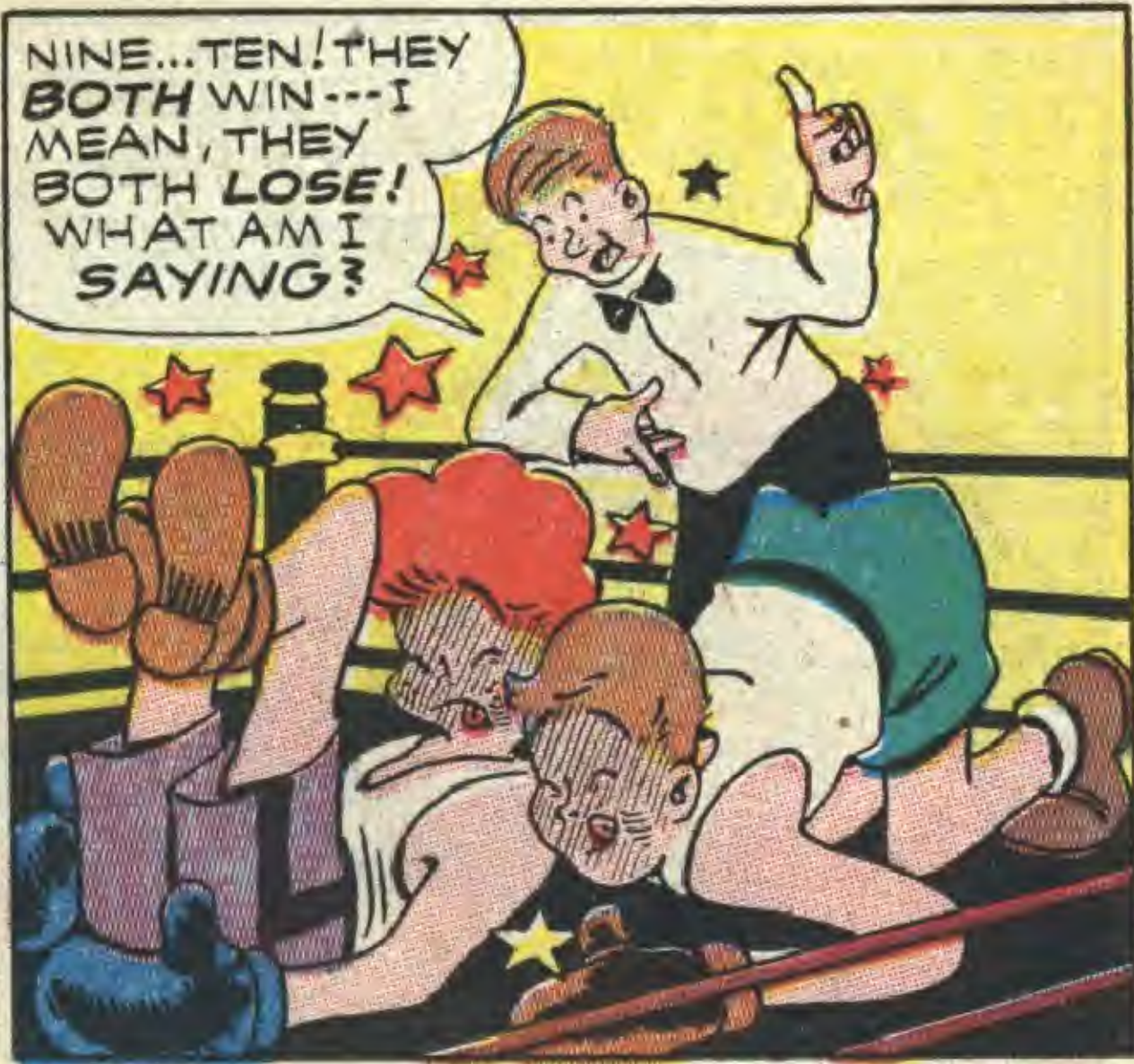














# LIVE WIRE!

**T**HE motorman on the trolley car yawned. The trolley slid smoothly along past 72nd St. A man who had been standing behind the motorman looked around. No one in the car was even looking at the motorman. The man raised his arm and a blackjack, evil, black and menacing swung in his hand. The motorman raised his eyes and looked in his rear view mirror. He caught a surge of movement. His eyes identified the blackjack for what it was but his brain refused to accept it. No one would hold up a trolley-car motorman! What earthly reason could there be?

That was his last thought as the blackjak rushed down on his head and he slid into unconsciousness. The man grabbed his body as he slumped and glanced around quickly, his beady eyes glittering like a feral rat's. No one had even noticed what he had done.

He whipped the cap off the unconscious man. He transferred the coin gadget to his own belt. He put the man he had so ruthlessly knocked out in a seat near the control of the trolley.

The traffic light turned from red, which it had been while all this went on, to green. The trolley lurched ahead. The real motorman slouched in his seat. The few people who did notice him thought vaguely that either the heat had got him or that he was asleep or less charitably, that he was under the weather.

The streets slid by. The bogus motorman made change and drove the trolley as though he were in reality the motorman. 47th street.

He looked ahead. Green lights all the way to 42nd street where

the tracks curved around at a sharp angle and the trolley was supposed to change from a downtown trolley to a crosstown.

The tracks ended at 42nd Street. That is, the downtown ones did. The curving path that changed the direction of the trolley was clear. There wasn't even much traffic.

The bogus conductor whirled the power control all the way around to full speed ahead.irate men and women who had signaled for the trolley car to stop swore under their breaths as the trolley careened by them with no hint of a pause. A man thus disappointed said aloud, "Huh! I thought they were only allowed not to pick you up on rainy nights! First time it ever happened in clear weather."

Some people on the trolley who had rung the bell to get off at 44th street called out to the conductor.

One said, "Say bud! What about it? I rang the bell! Why didn't you stop?"

The man at the controls smiled evilly. He yelled back, "If you don't like it . . . jump off!"

The people in the trolley finally realized that something was wrong. They stirred uneasily. The car hurtled along. 43rd street. Ahead was the cut-off where the trolley turned around.

A traffic cop looked up and saw the trolley racing at him.

42nd street! The hub of the world. Streets crowded with New Yorkers and visitors who liked it for a visit but wouldn't live there on a bet. G.I. Joe and his Jill. Mothers and their babies. Newsboys, doctors, lawyers, Indian Chief, all stopped and

stared at the trolley which had, speed unabated, hit the place where it usually turned and went to the left.

It didn't! It's front wheels hit a metal chuck which a weazened faced man had left there minutes earlier. The wheels hit the chuck and ground it into the tracks. The trolley going at an insane speed picked up and left the tracks.

All motion on the crowded streets ceased as everyone watched the mad trolley leave the tracks and careen down the cement covered street.

Store keepers ran out of their stores, police gathered like iron filings to a magnet.

The occupants of the trolley screamed and raised the windows as they thought of leaping from the car.

The steel wheels of the many tonned trolley tore and ripped the cement of the street. Gradually, slowly, the speed of the runaway trolley diminished. It shimmied from side to side and onlookers held their breaths for fear that the trolley would roll over on its side.

The front door of the trolley opened while it was still careening down the street. The beady eyed man who had driven the trolley amuck, looked up and down the street. His were the only eyes that saw three masked men go into a jewelry store on Broadway between 41st and 42nd Street.

He smiled to himself as he leaped from the runaway trolley. A cab which had followed the trolley on its insane trip slowed a bit as it drew even with the front door of the trolley. The beady eyed man leaped into the



cab and its door slammed behind him.

He leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Everything's cop-asetic! Beat it quick, before the dummies wake up!"

The cab sped away unnoticed in the tumult. The trolley had finally slowed to a stop. Police ran to it and opened the doors. A woman insane with fear leaped out of the window. She seemed a little surprised when she landed on the street unhurt. A hundred yards away the three masked men came out of the jewelry store. Their pockets were bulging now. A man lay dead on the floor inside the store. The blood from the wound which had killed him made a path to the safe which he had died trying to protect. The door of the safe still swung to and fro slowly as the owner of the store, released from the hypnosis of the careening trolley, ran into the store.

His voice, raised in a yell for help went unnoticed in the clamor on the street. He ran to the door to try and attract the attention of a cop.

Finally, but not till minutes later, when the three masked men had long since doffed their masks and melted unobserved into the crowd that milled around the scene of the runaway trolley, the store owner managed to get Patrolman Clancy.

Clancy drew in his breath in a gasp of surprise as he saw the man on the floor and the open door of the safe.

"Sure and I see it all now!" he said. And his analysis was correct. "The murdering rats! They deliberately knocked out the real conductor . . . had someone take his place . . . then they put something on the tracks that would make the trolley jump clear off them and all for this! Just to create a disturbance that would attract every eye in the neighborhood so they could plunder in peace! Bad cess to them, the clever crooks!"

In the meanwhile the real motorman of the trolley was having a hard time of it. The police found it hard to believe that he was not in cahoots with the real criminals.

Hours passed while he monotonously reiterated his story.

"All I know," he said over and over again, "is that I saw this flicker behind me head . . . the next thing I knew . . . the trolley had jumped the tracks and I was coming to, with women and children screaming and men blaming it all on me!"

Only after a doctor had certified that the lump on his head might easily have killed him and that therefore it wasn't likely that he had done it himself, was he released.

He knew as he walked home that he was being trailed. The detective wasn't even being subtle about it. He clumped along behind the motorman, quietly, determinedly. You could see from his expression that he still thought the motorman had had a hand in the holocaust.

The motorman's head still ached. He blinked his eyes in pain and stopped to put his hand to his head. He bent over to try and relieve the pain. This motion saved his life.

A guy wire, cut by the hand of the man with the beady eyes, whipped down and around him. The men with the beady eyed man complained. One said, "Why didn't you kill him while you were in the trolley?"

He snapped, "In front of a car full of witnesses? Are you nuts? Nine chances out of ten it's O.K. he didn't see me. I just want to make sure. Blast it!"

He saw that the snapping wire had missed the conductor. They were above on a roof. He said, "Missed! We've got to go down and get him! I'm glad when we cased the job that we found out where he lived. Otherwise we'd have had a real job tracking him down! Come on!"

On the street the detective ran up to the motorman.

"You alright?" he asked.

The motorman looked at the coil of wire which had fallen. He shuddered as he realized the way the falling wire would have ripped him to pieces if it had hit him. He gulped and finally said, "Yeah, I'm all in one piece. . . . Listen . . . do you hear running feet on the stairs of my house. . . . Listen. . . ."

The crooks pounded down the stairs and out onto the street. The beady eyed man saw the detective first. He fired instantly. The detective fell to the street with his shoulder fractured. As he fell, he saw the motorman pick up an end of the wire and throw it in the air. He puzzled over this until he saw that the thrown wire was arcing over the trolley wire out in the center of the street.

As the other crooks came out of the building behind their beady eyed leader they pushed into him from behind. The free end of the wire lay on the ground in front of the building. The leader stepped on it as he turned from shooting the detective and leveled his gun at the motorman.

One of them said, "Go . . . go ahead and shoot. . . ."

And the high voltage lead from the trolley wire through the loose wire hit him. It had already traversed the leader's body. He was screaming in agony as he fell writhing to the ground. All the other crooks, their bodies jammed against his, soon joined in the chorus of screams.

They were quiet when the ambulance finally got there.

The motorman and the cop looked at them as the ambulance doctor, thick rubber gloves on his hands, pulled the high voltage wire away.

"I suppose they'll live long enough for their next electric shock," he said.

The motorman nodded.



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# WORLD BEATER

and  
**UNGGH**

HURDLING THROUGH THE SKY IS A ROCKET SLIPPER BEARING TWO OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MEN. THEY ARE THE AVIATORS WHO HAVE BEEN BACK TO BACK IN THE BEATER POSSESSES...

## INSIDE THE SPACESHIP...

GEE! I HATED TO LEAVE JOBLO! LOOK HOW SMALL MARS IS GETTING, UNGGH!

ME HATE TO LEAVE JOBLO TOO! HEY, WATCH CONTROLS! WE ARE HEADED BACK TO MARS!

WATCH THE CONTROLS? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING THAT!

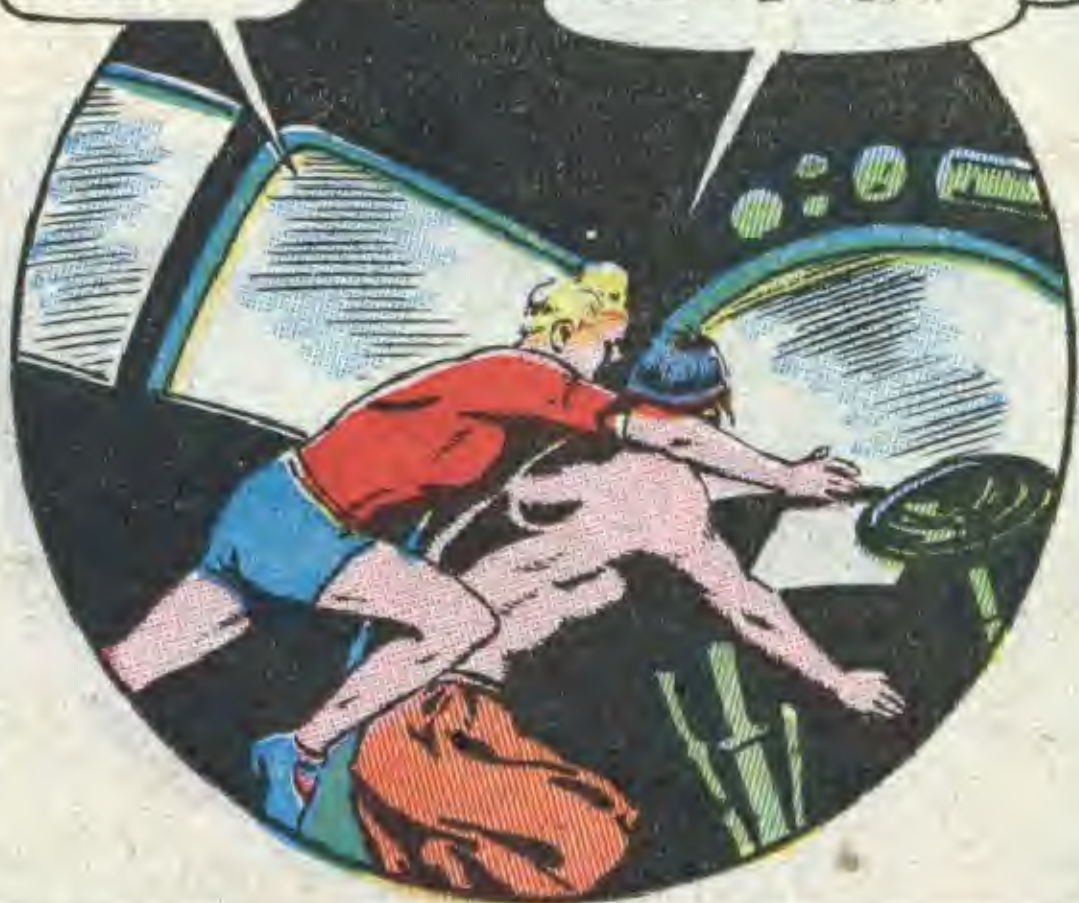
ME THOUGHT YOU WERE!





I'LL DO IT! PHEW!  
THE LAND IS  
RIGHT UNDER  
US!

LOTS OF FUN TO PLAY  
LEAP FROG! NOW  
ME JUMP OVER  
YOUR BACK!



NOW, UNGGH, IT'S  
NO USE SULKING!  
WE CAN'T PLAY  
LEAP FROG NOW!  
WE ALMOST  
CRASHED!



NEVER HAVE NO  
FUN! WISH I WAS  
BACK IN MY OWN  
TIME! OOH! THIS  
IS NICE! WHAT  
YOU DO?

THIS IS AWFUL! I DON'T  
HAVE ANY WEIGHT!  
HM?...I GET IT! WE'VE  
PASSED THE GRAV-  
ITATIONAL SPHERE OF  
MARS! NOTHING IN  
THE SHIP HAS ANY  
WEIGHT!

ME REALLY  
HAVE NO  
WEIGHT IF  
NOT EAT...ME  
GROWING  
BOY, NEED  
FOOD!



WHAT THE? I DIDN'T  
DO ANYTHING! I'M  
FLOATING UP!



ME NOT MAD NOW,  
WORLD BEATER! THIS  
IS NICE...ME FEEL  
LIKE BALLOON!

ONE NICE THING  
ABOUT THE LACK  
OF GRAVITY! WE  
CAN'T GET RUSH  
OF BLOOD TO THE  
HEAD BECAUSE OUR  
BLOOD DOESN'T  
WEIGH ANYTHING!

AH!  
FOOD!







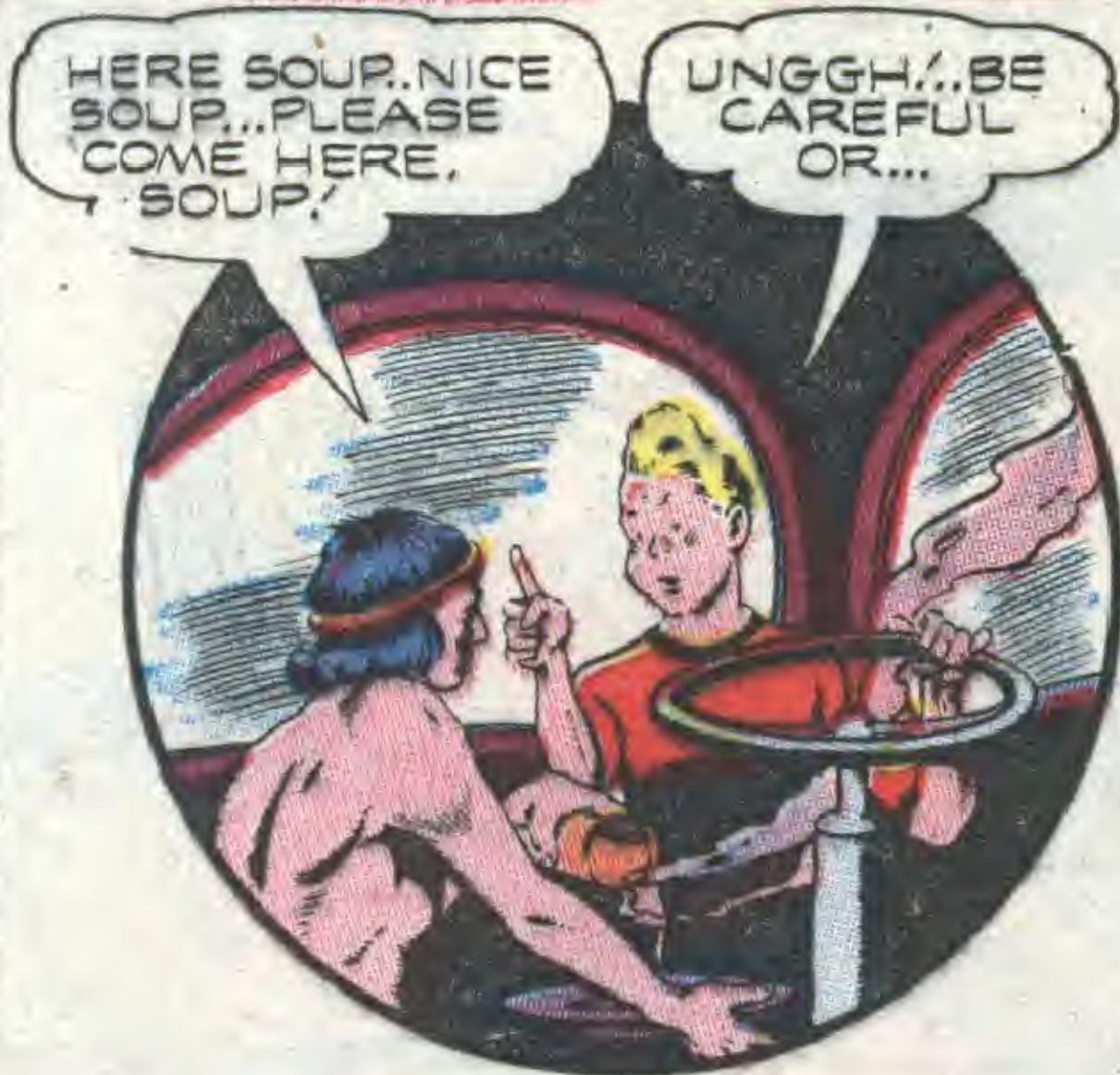
SOUP!

ME STARVED! OPEN CAN, AND WE HAVE BIG FEAST...AH!...



ME HOPE SOUP IS GOOD!

ULP! UNGGH! LOOK AT THE SOUP! THE LACK OF GRAVITY HAS AFFECTED IT TOO!



HERE SOUP. NICE SOUP...PLEASE COME HERE, SOUP!

UNGGH!...BE CAREFUL OR...

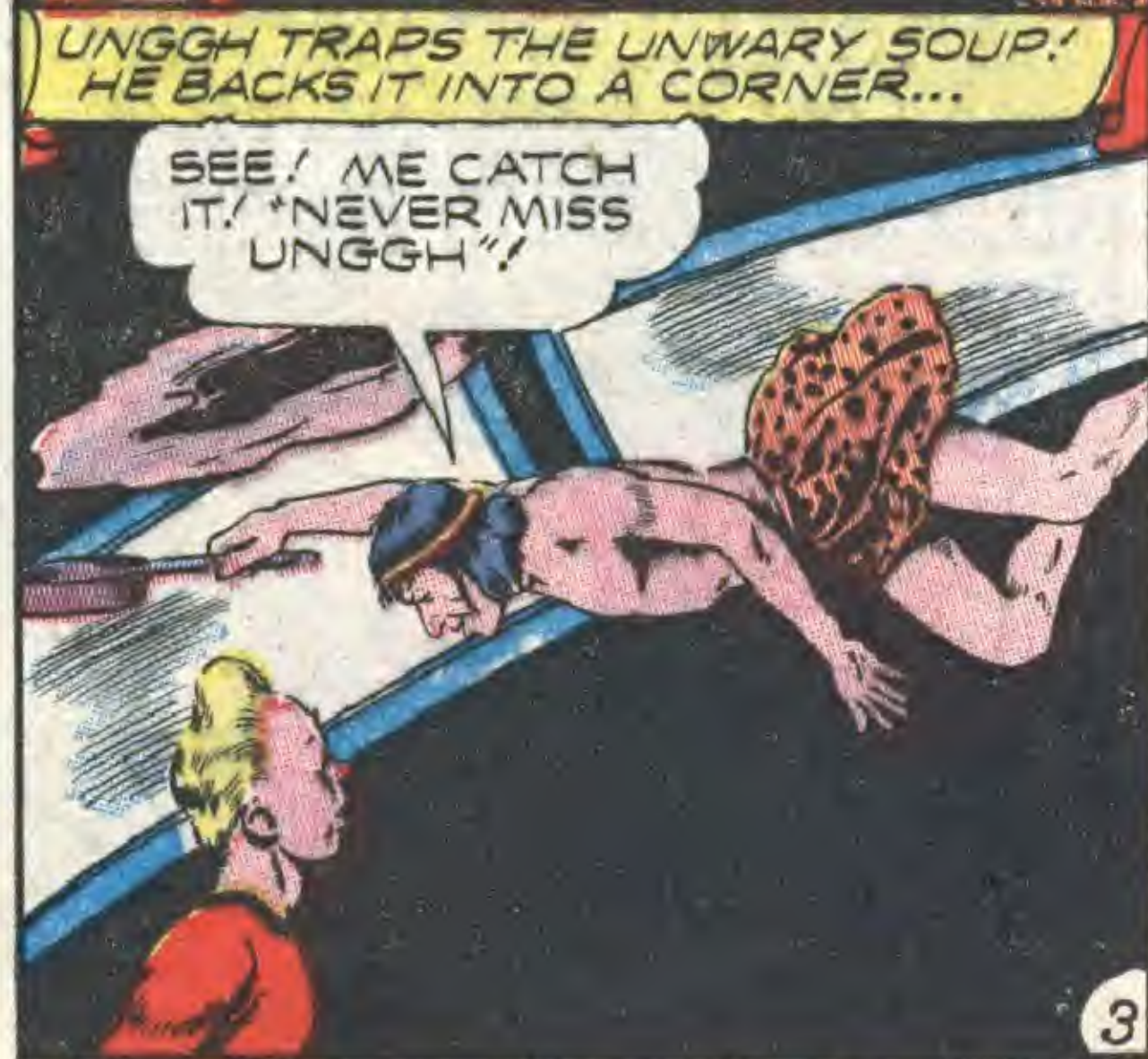


SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE SOUP HAS NO WEIGHT. SO IF YOU MAKE A BREEZE, YOU BLOW IT AWAY FROM YOU!

ME TRAP IT LIKE ME TRAP DINOSAUR BACK IN MY TIME! "NEVER MISS UNGGH", THEY USED TO CALL ME!



ONLY ONE THING HAS ME PUZZLED! WHY DOES THE SOUP STAY IN ONE SPHERE?...I SHOULD THINK IT WOULD SCATTER LIKE BEADS OF MERCURY. I KNOW! IT'S SURFACE TENSION THAT HOLDS IT TOGETHER!



UNGGH TRAPS THE UNWARY SOUP! HE BACKS IT INTO A CORNER...

SEE! ME CATCH IT! "NEVER MISS UNGGH"!



NEVER MISS!..IT DIDN'T!  
UNGGH./ DIDN'T I TELL  
YOU ABOUT SURFACE  
TENSION? THE  
SLIGHTEST TOUCH  
BREAKS IT!



ONE HOUR LATER...

I'VE HEARD OF BLOW-  
ING SOAP BUBBLES,  
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT  
I'D HAVE TO CHASE  
SOUP BUBBLES!

BLOW SOME  
THIS WAY...  
ME HUNGRY  
AGAIN!



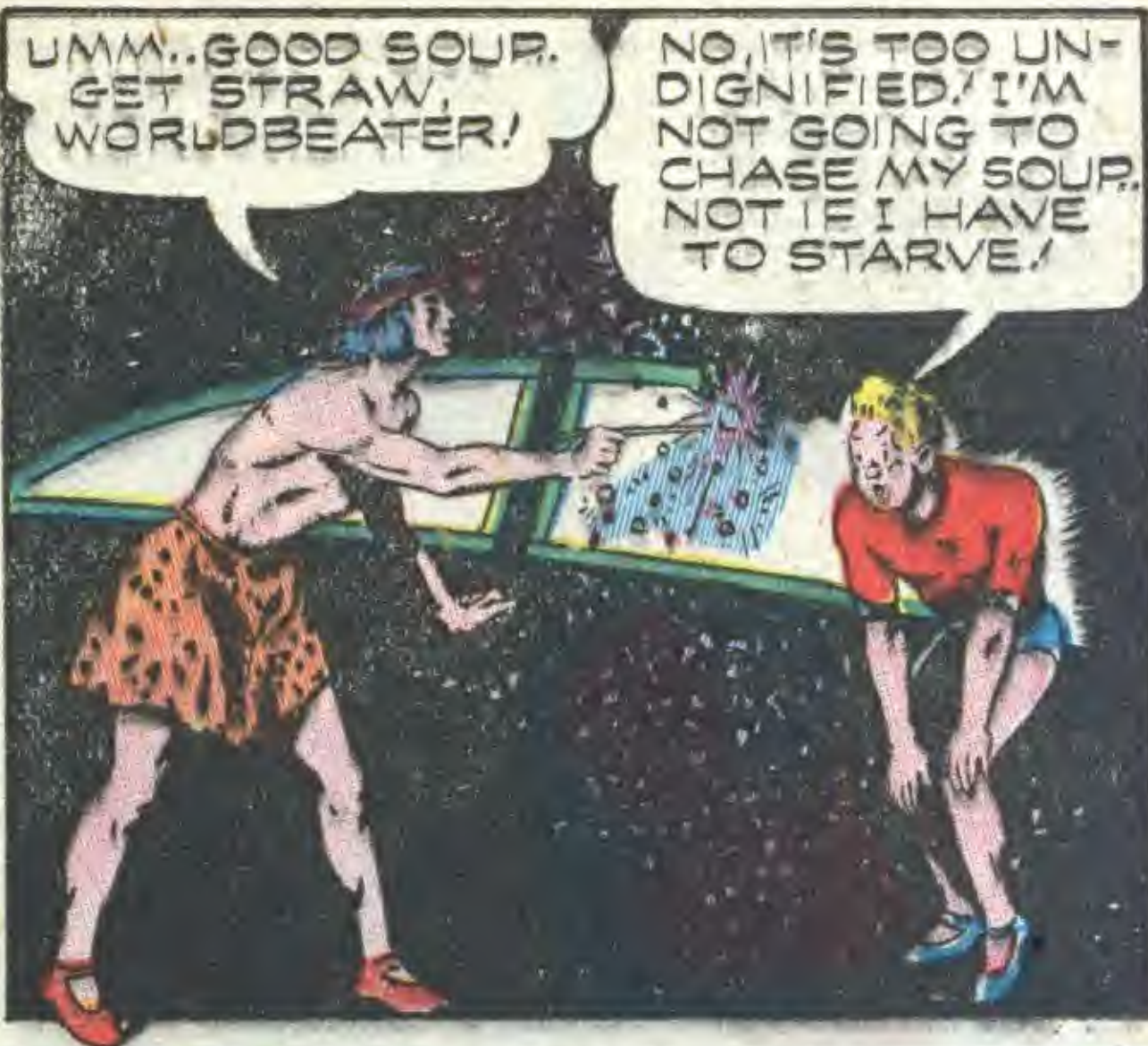
GOOD! BLOW  
SOME MORE  
MEAT TO  
ME!

DON'T BE A  
PIG, UNGGH!  
YOU'VE HAD  
FIVE SLICES  
ALREADY!



UMM..GOOD SOUP.  
GET STRAW,  
WORLDBEATER!

NO, IT'S TOO UN-  
DIGNIFIED! I'M  
NOT GOING TO  
CHASE MY SOUP.  
NOT IF I HAVE  
TO STARVE!



YOU AND YOUR SOUP!  
WHY DIDN'T I THINK  
OF THIS BEFORE! THERE  
IS CANNED MEAT HERE!  
AT LEAST I WON'T  
HAVE TO CHASE  
THAT!



ME ONLY HAVE  
ONE PIECE!  
THAT NOT  
ENOUGH  
FOR GROW-  
ING BOY!

ONE? YOU HAD  
FI...FI..DO YOU  
SEE WHAT I  
SEE?





I'LL TAKE THE RISK, UNGGH! I'LL MAN THE CONTROLS... YOU SEE WHAT THAT ARM IS ATTACHED TO!

STEAL MY MEAT, WILL YOU? COME OUT OF THERE!



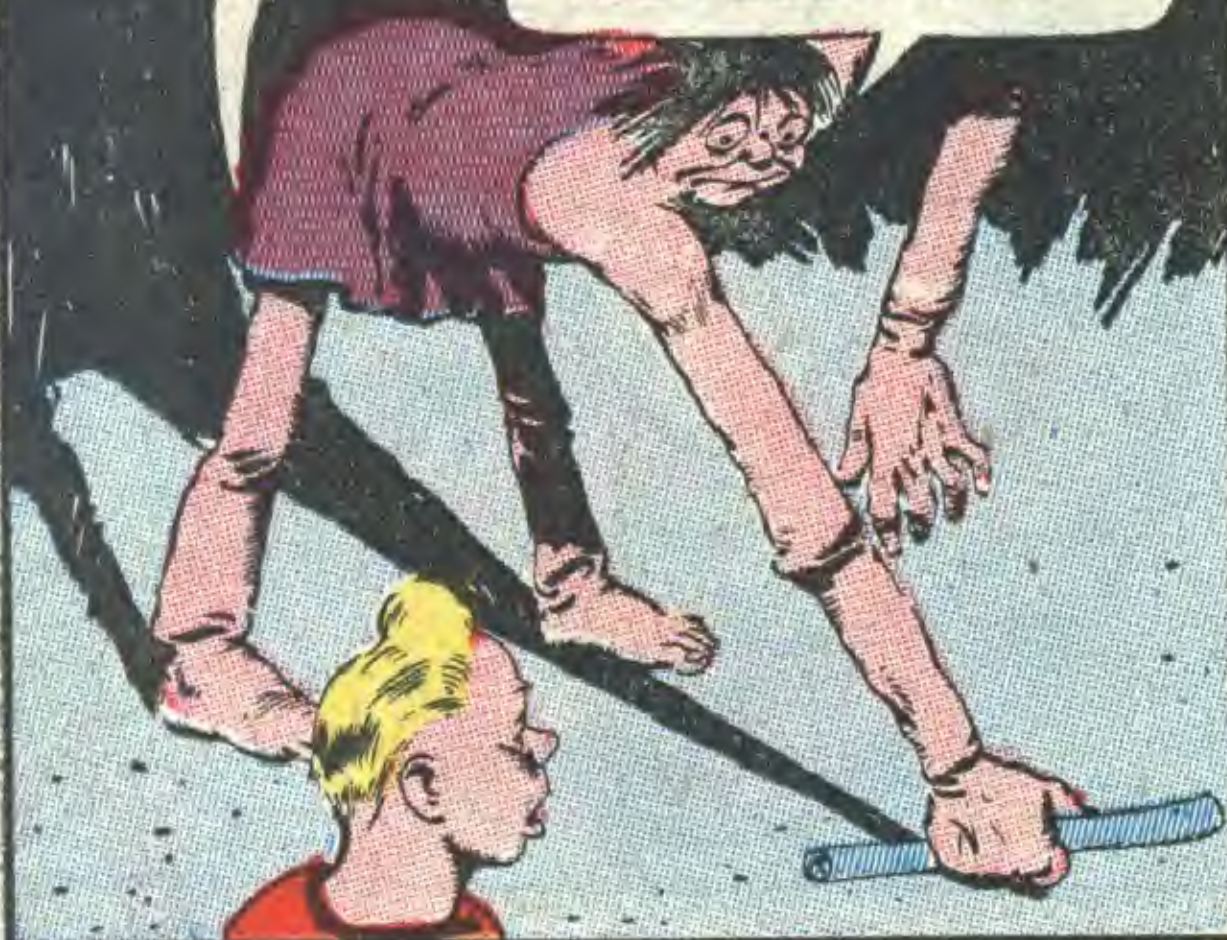
A STOWAWAY! WHAT MARTIAN CREATURE WOULD WANT TO GO TO EARTH?

MAYBE IT'S AN OCTUPUSSY!



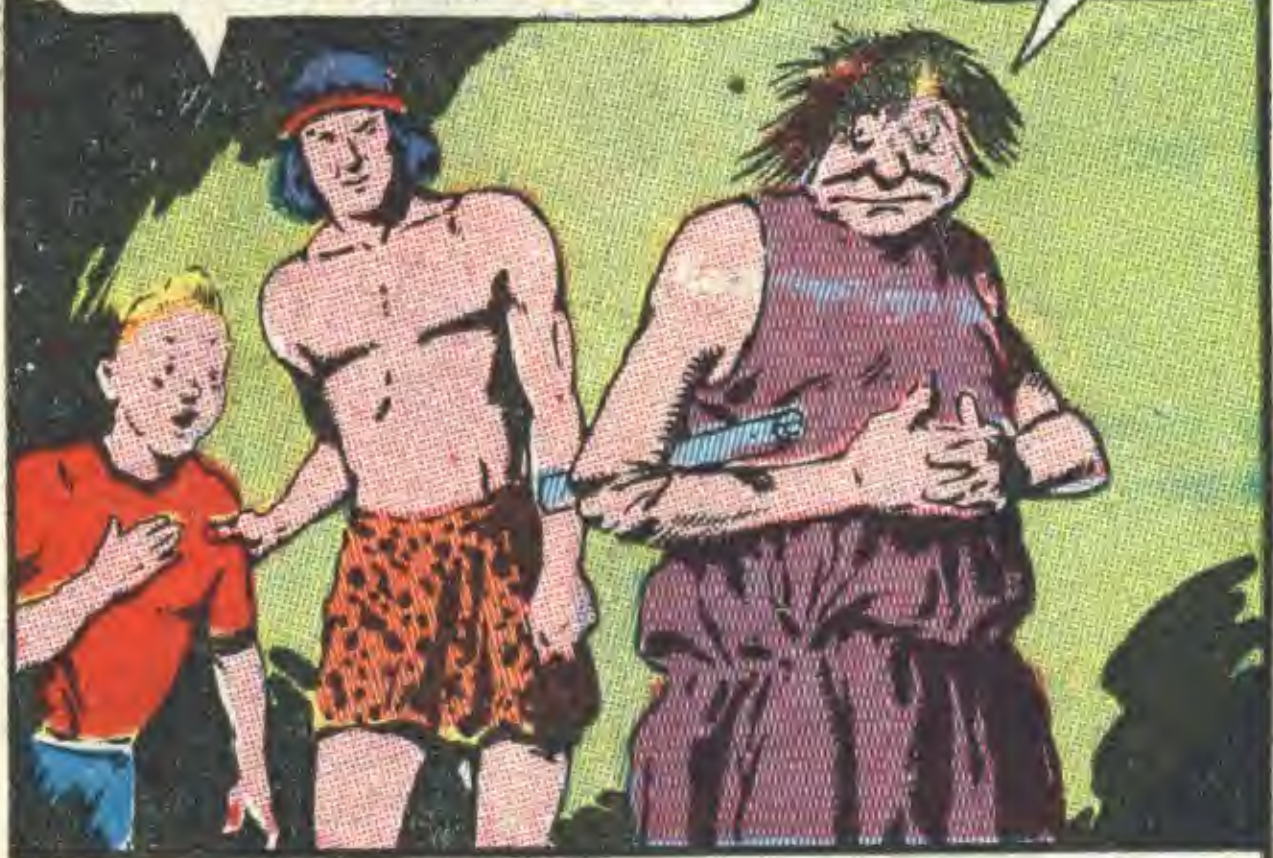
THAT WORD IS OCTOPUS!

HI, CHICKS! WHAT'S COOKING? PAT THE SKIN, AND CALL ME VELONICA!



IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN JOE LO. LEARNED ENGLISH LISTENING TO THE RADIO COMMERCIALS, BUT THIS ONE MUST HAVE LISTENED TO THE HEPCATS!

SURE, I'M HEP! I'M NO SQUARE FROM DELAWARE!



WHAT CAN SHE WANT ON EARTH?... OR I SHOULD SAY, WHAT ON EARTH DOES SHE WANT, P?

IT'S A SECRET! YOU'RE GOING TO THE PLANET EARTH, AREN'T YOU?



DANGER LURKS, UNSEEN AS YET, ALTHOUGH IT IS NEAR THE SHIP... NOT MORE THAN 50,000 MILES AWAY!





OH YES, WE'RE GOING TO EARTH ALRIGHT! WE'LL BE THERE TOMORROW!

YOU'RE REALLY IN THE GROOVE! CAN'T YOU SPEED UP THIS OLD JALOPY? I CAN HARDLY WAIT!



YEP! WE'RE RIGHT ON THE COURSE! YOU TAKE THE CONTROLS, UNGGH! I'LL TAKE A NAP!

HOW CAN YOU SLEEP AT A TIME LIKE THIS? I'LL DREAM WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN!



WHILE WORLDBEATER SLEEPS, THE COMET COMES CLOSE. IT'S ONLY A HAIR'S BREADTH AWAY FROM THE SHIP!



SO IT IS THAT LONG BEFORE WORLDBEATER THOUGHT THEY'D REACH LAND!



UNKNOWN TO UNGGH AND WORLDBEATER, THE COMET PULLS THE SHIP FROM ITS COURSE...

WHAT A PRETTY FIRE! MAYBE WORLDBEATER LIKE TO SEE...NO, I LET HIM SLEEP!



SEE! WE'RE HOME AGAIN! ME LAND ALL BY SELF!

HURRAY! GOOD WORK, UNGGH! VELONICA, WE'RE HERE!





I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE REALLY HERE! NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE THIS TO...

UNGGH/THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE EARTH! LOOK AT THOSE PEOPLE COMING!

LET'S GO OUT AND SEE WHO THEY ARE!



THEY STEP OUT INTO THE SOFT RAYS OF THE EARTHLIGHT...

LOOK!. THEY MUST BE MAD! THEY WALK ON THEIR FEET!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THEY MUST BE EARTHATICS!



MAD? THEY CALL CRAZY PEOPLE EARTHATICS? THAN WE MUST BE ON THE MOON! THERE'S THE EARTH UP THERE!

NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BRING-DOWN! COME ON..LET'S GET GOING.. I'VE GOT TO GIVE THIS TO..



UNGGH, YOU FOOL! YOU USED THE LAST OF OUR FUEL LANDING ON THE MOON! WE'RE STUCK HERE WITH THESE LUNATICS!

NOW I KNOW WHAT THE RADIO MEANT BY A JERK FROM ALBER-QUERQUE!



I WOULDN'T MIND, BUT WE'RE 250,000 MILES FROM HOME!

YEA, WITH NO FUEL!

WELL, I ALWAYS SAY..THERE IS NO FUEL LIKE TWO OLD FUELS!







ALL WE NEED IS A TEASPOON FULL OF URANIUM AND WE'D BE HOME!

ME CLEAN OUT MESS INSIDE IF WE STAY HERE!



EVEN IF THEY DID HAVE URANIUM HERE, IT'S WORTH \$100,000 AN OUNCE!

WHERE ME THROW THIS TIN CAN, P?



TIN! THEY'RE THROWING AWAY TIN! THEY REALLY ARE EARTHATICS! I'LL REASON WITH THEM AS THOUGH THEY WERE SANE! MAYBE THEY HAVE MORE OF THE TREASURE! HELLO, DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU WANTED URANIUM 235, P?

WHAT ABOUT IT P?



I HAVE SOME DIRTY OLD URANIUM AROUND THE HOUSE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO EXCHANGE IT FOR THAT TIN CAN, P?

BOY, WOULD WE. YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE CANS YOU WANT!



EACH THINKS HE IS FOOLING THE OTHER...

MY FORTUNE IS MADE! I'M THE RICHEST MAN ON THE MOON!

BOY! WHAT A SUCKER!

LET'S GO!

GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU, AND GET THIS TRASH OFF YOUR HANDS!

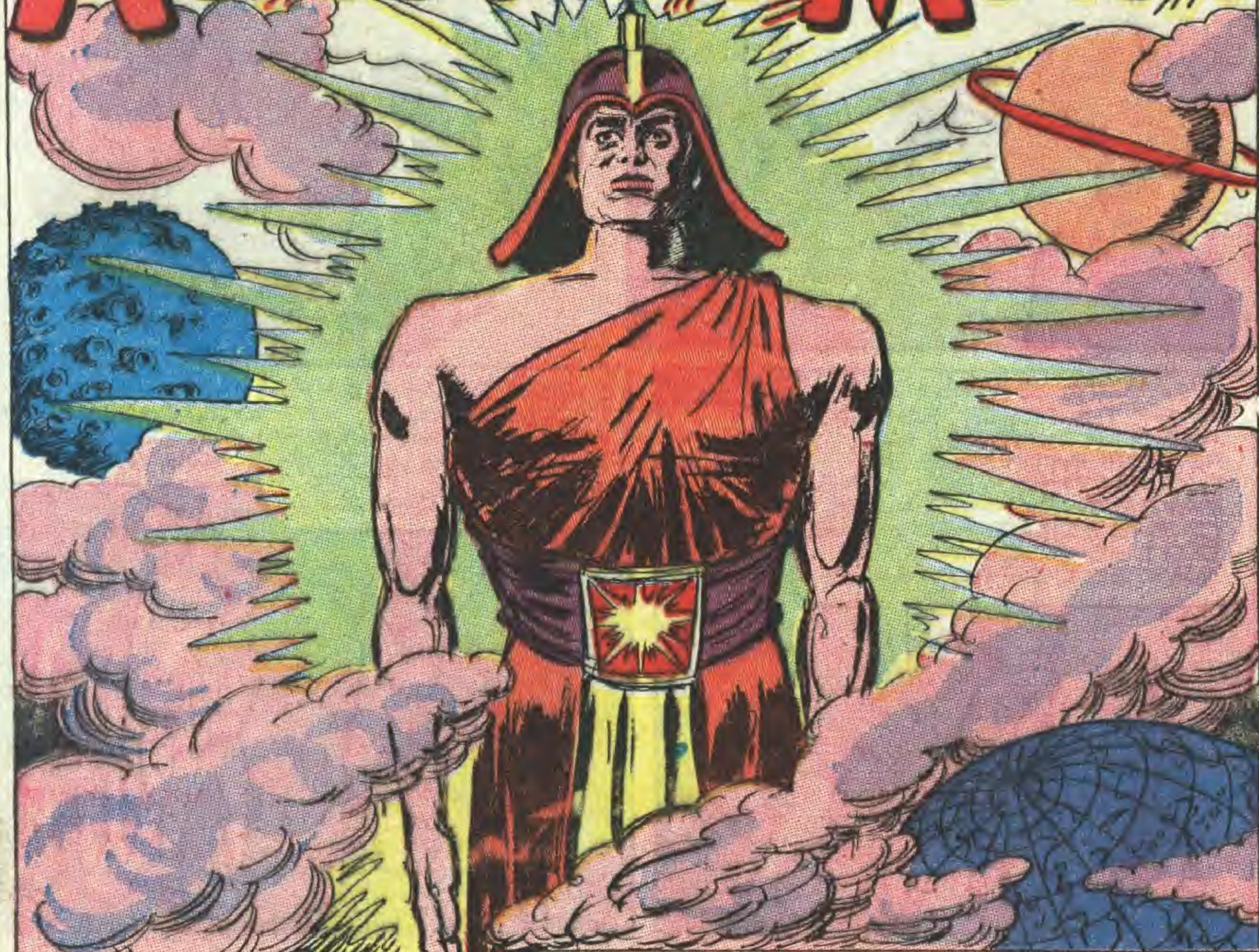


AH! THERE'S EARTH! SAY, VELONICA, WHAT IS THAT SCROLL YOU'RE CARRYING? WHAT'S YOUR BIG SECRET?

NOW I'M GOING TO SEE LANK! WE GIRLS ON MARS FORMED A SWOON CLUB! THIS IS OUR CHARTER! NOW ALL I NEED IS LANK SWOON-ATRA'S AUTO-GRAPH..OH BOY!



# ATOMIC MAN



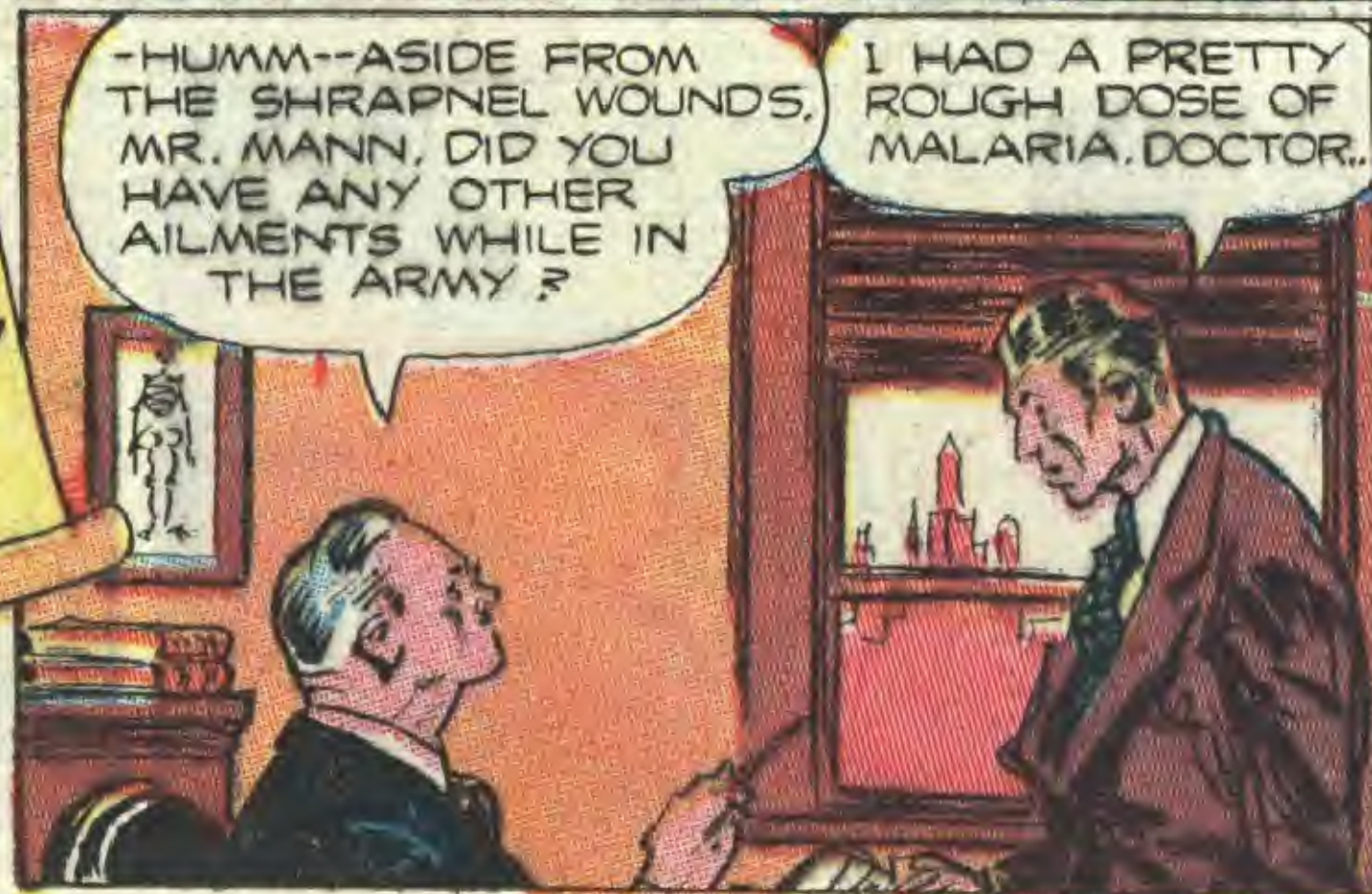
**Y**OU ARE ABOUT TO MEET  
THE MIGHTIEST, MOST AMAZING  
MORTAL IN THE HISTORY OF  
THE WORLD - CREATED FROM  
THE FUNDAMENTAL FORCE  
OF THE UNIVERSE - BORN OF  
AN INCREDIBLE CHEMICAL  
ACCIDENT -

## "ATOMIC MAN"

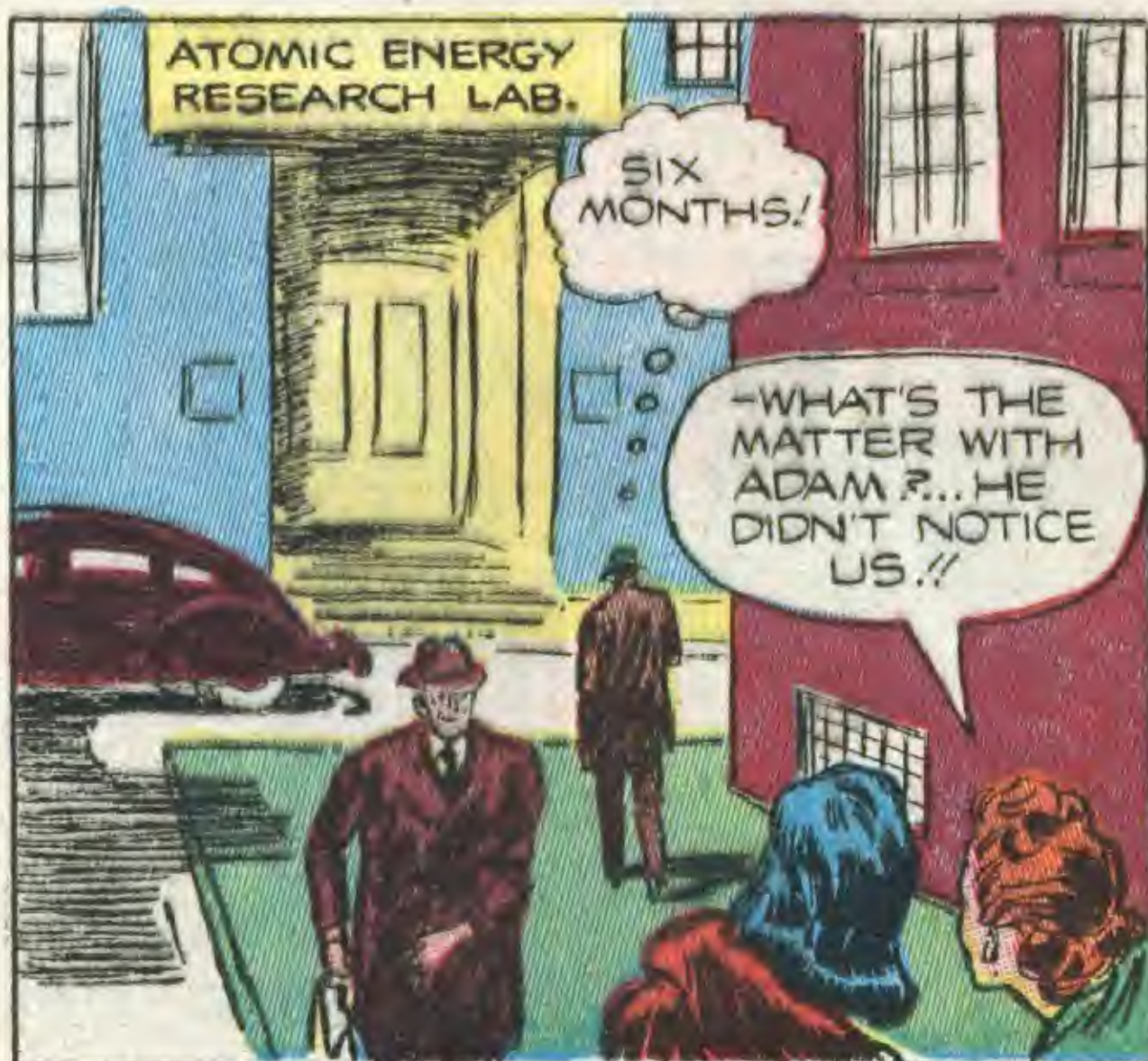
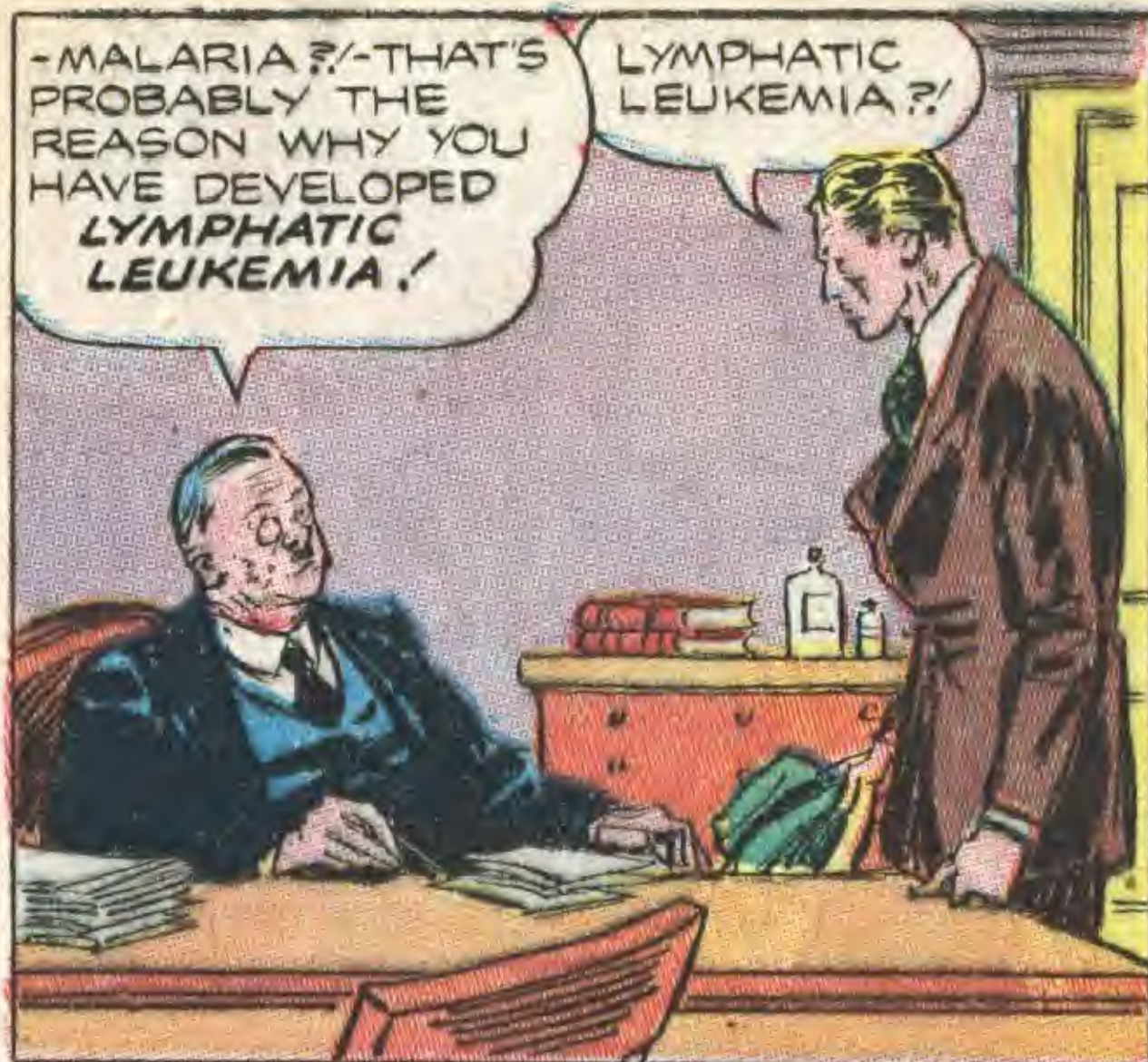
-IT ALL BEGAN WHEN ADAM MANN - YOUNG  
RESEARCH CHEMIST - WAS EXAMINED BY  
A VETERANS' ADMINISTRATION  
DOCTOR....

-HUMM--ASIDE FROM  
THE SHRAPNEL WOUNDS,  
MR. MANN, DID YOU  
HAVE ANY OTHER  
AILMENTS WHILE IN  
THE ARMY?

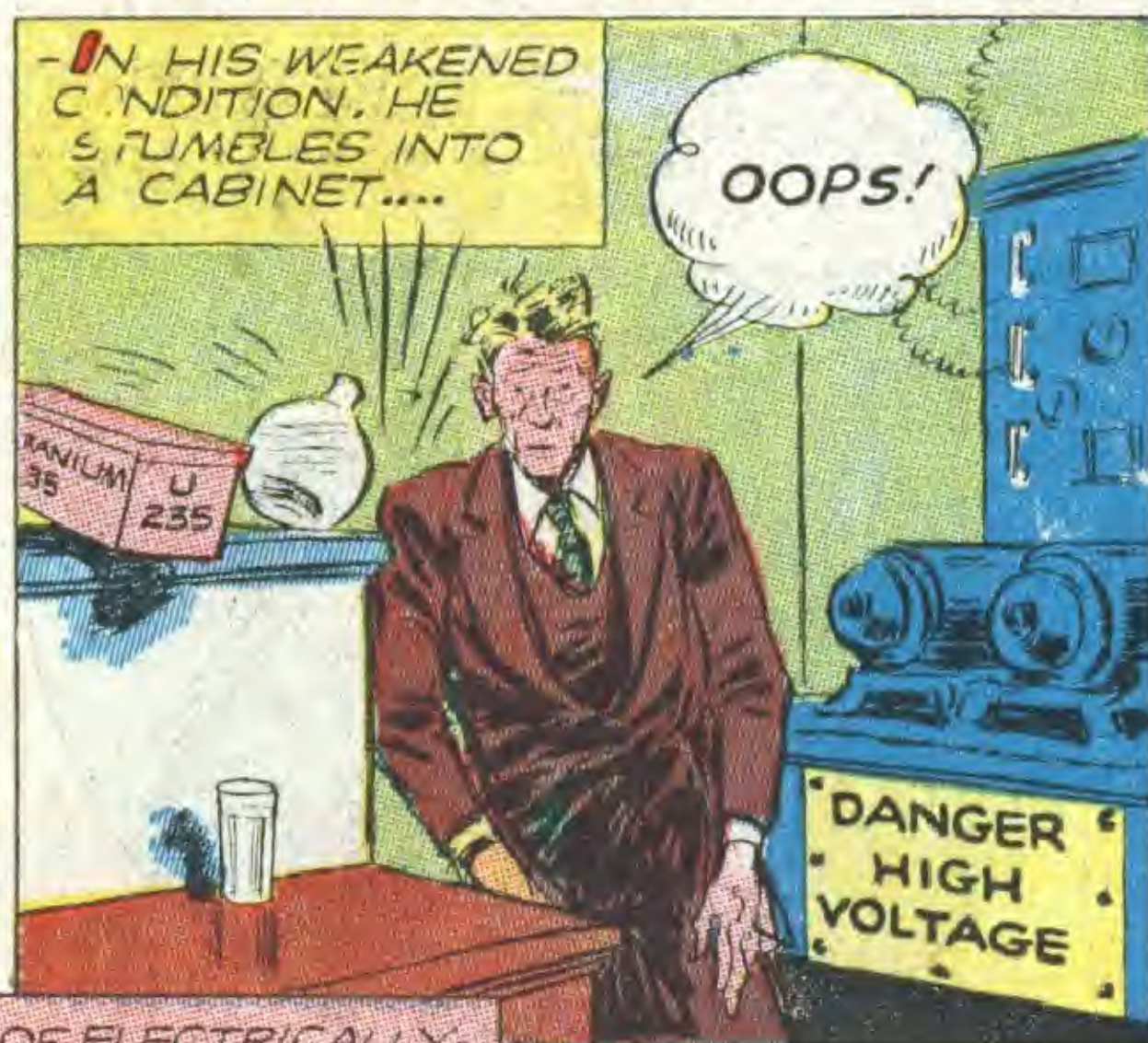
I HAD A PRETTY  
ROUGH DOSE OF  
MALARIA, DOCTOR.







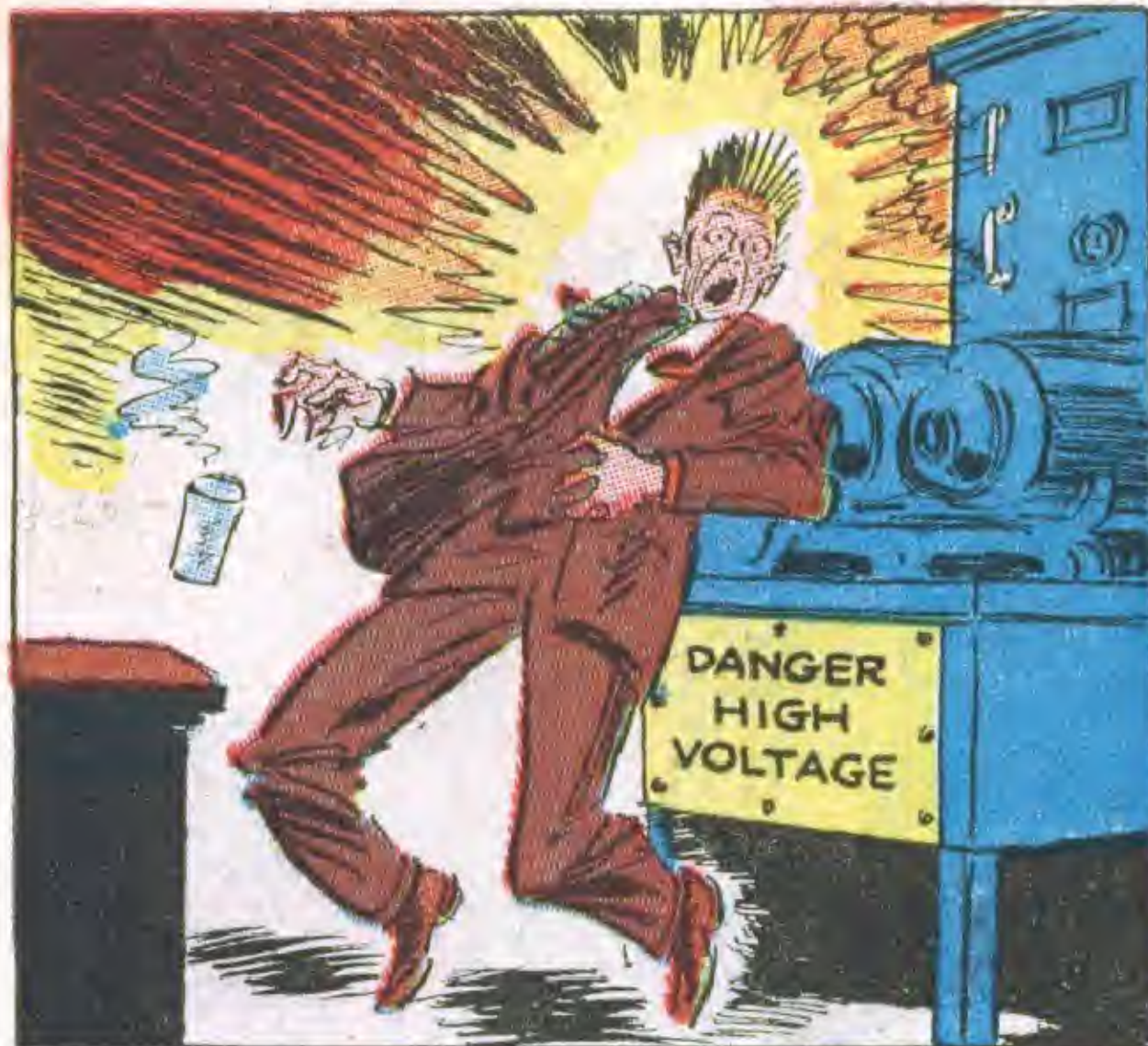




50,000 GALLONS OF ELECTRICALLY-TREATED WATER IS NEEDED TO OBTAIN ONE GALLON OF HEAVY WATER-AT A COST OF \$4.00 A DROP./ ADAM MANN-DAZED-FAINT-AND THIRSTY, REACHES FOR THE PRECIOUS LIQUID AND....









-THAT EXPLOSION MUST HAVE SHAKEN UP THE SHRAPNEL-MY RIGHT HAND FEELS PECULIAR!/?



-MAY AS WELL SIT DOWN FOR A MINUTE UNTIL MY HAND STOPS TINGLING!/?



WHAT TH-!/?



-ER...I THOUGHT THERE WAS A BENCH THERE!/? THAT HIGH-VOLTAGE SHOCK MUST HAVE DRIVEN ME CRAZY!/?

-HEY, MISTER- WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THAT BENCH?/?



YOU MEAN YOU SAW IT TOO?/?

K-K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME!/?

IT CAN'T BE- IT CAN'T BE!! IT'S-IT'S... IMPOSSIBLE! I'LL TOUCH THIS TREE...



HELP!.. POLICE!

NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER- I'M STARK RAVING MAD!/?







**A**ND SO -  
**ATOMIC MAN**  
IS BORN -  
DON'T MISS  
HIS  
INCREDIBLE  
ADVENTURES  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
OF...  
**HEADLINE  
COMICS**



# Buck SAUNDERS and his PALS

**C**ATTLE RUSTLERS IN THE WEST TO-DAY? WELL, NOT THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND, THAT USED TO COME TEARING ALONG ON A WIRY MUSTANG, TO SHOO A FEW LONGHORNS AHEAD OF HIM! **BUCK SAUNDERS** AND HIS CHOW-HOUND FRIEND, **FATTY**, CUT OUT FOR THE BIGGEST RANCH IN THE WORLD ...TO BATTLE THE LAST... AND MOST DESPERATE... OF TEXAS BAD MEN... WHEN THEY BECOME... **COWBOYS OF THE AIR!!!**

WHAT'S THIS?? A FAMOUS TEAM BREAKING UP??

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T COME TO TEXAS, FELLOWS! BUT I GUESS THAT MILITARY ACADEMY WON'T WAIT!

THAT'S RIGHT, BUCK! WE'LL BE HAVING ADVENTURES OF OUR OWN!

I HATE TO PART WITH PERCY AND DON...BUT IT WON'T HURT MY APPETITE! OH BOY ... JUST THINK OF THAT CHILE, AN' THEM THICK JUICY BEAR STEAKS!

QUIET! YOU'RE EVEN MAKING ME HUNGRY!







WHAT IS THIS XIT RANCH WE'RE INVITED TO VISIT, BUCK?

WELL, IT'S 25 MILES WIDE AND 250 MILES LONG! IT USES 2000 MILES OF BARBED WIRE ... AND HAS 150,000 HEAD OF CATTLE!



WOW! THAT MUST BE THE PLACE DOWN THERE!

RIGHT! AND THERE'S A GOOD FLAT FIELD TO LAND ON! GOING DOWN!



NOW TO FIND THE RANCH HOUSE! THIS LOOKS LIKE A WELCOMING COMMITTEE COMIN' AROUND THAT ROCK!

HOPE THEY GOT SOME NICE BARBECUE BUBBLIN' ON THE STOVE!



WELCOME, BOYS! YUH SURE GIVE US A SURPRISE... LANDIN' WAY OUT HERE, BACK O' THAT OLE HILL!

GUESS WE DON'T KNOW OUR WAY AROUND! ANYWAY, WE'RE HERE!



I'M TOD JENKINS, XIT MANAGER! WE'LL GIT YOU BOYS BACK TO THE HOUSE FER SOME VITTALS

TAKE IT EASY THAR SON!

OOPH!



GOSH... IS THIS GENOO-WINE BEAR STEAK, OR MAYBE REINDEER MEAT?

NO, FATTY... IT'S JIST PRIME TEXAS STEER!



YOU BOYS'RE JIST IN TIME FOR SOME EXCITEMENT... BUT IT AINT THE KIND WE HANKER AFTER! SEEMS LIKE SOME SKUNKS IS RUSTLIN' THE XIT'S CATTLE!

GEE... RUSTLERS! YOU MEAN THEY RIDE RIGHT IN, LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS?

T'AIN'T AS SIMPLE AS THAT! SEEMS LIKE THESE CRITTERS USE MAGIC! WE DON'T SEE 'EM... BUT THE CATTLE JIST DISAPPEARS!

I WONDER... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



YOU DIDN'T SEE US WHEN WE LANDED, MR. JENKINS! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING... THE RUSTLERS USE PLANES!

YUH MAY BE RIGHT, SON! IF Y'ARE IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH TO STOP 'EM!

THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN! COME ON, FATTY... LET'S DO SOME RECONNAISSANCE WORK!

GO RIGHT TO IT, BOYS!



GOSH, BUCK... Y'AIN'T GONNA PUT ME TO WORK RIGHT AWAY, ARE YA?

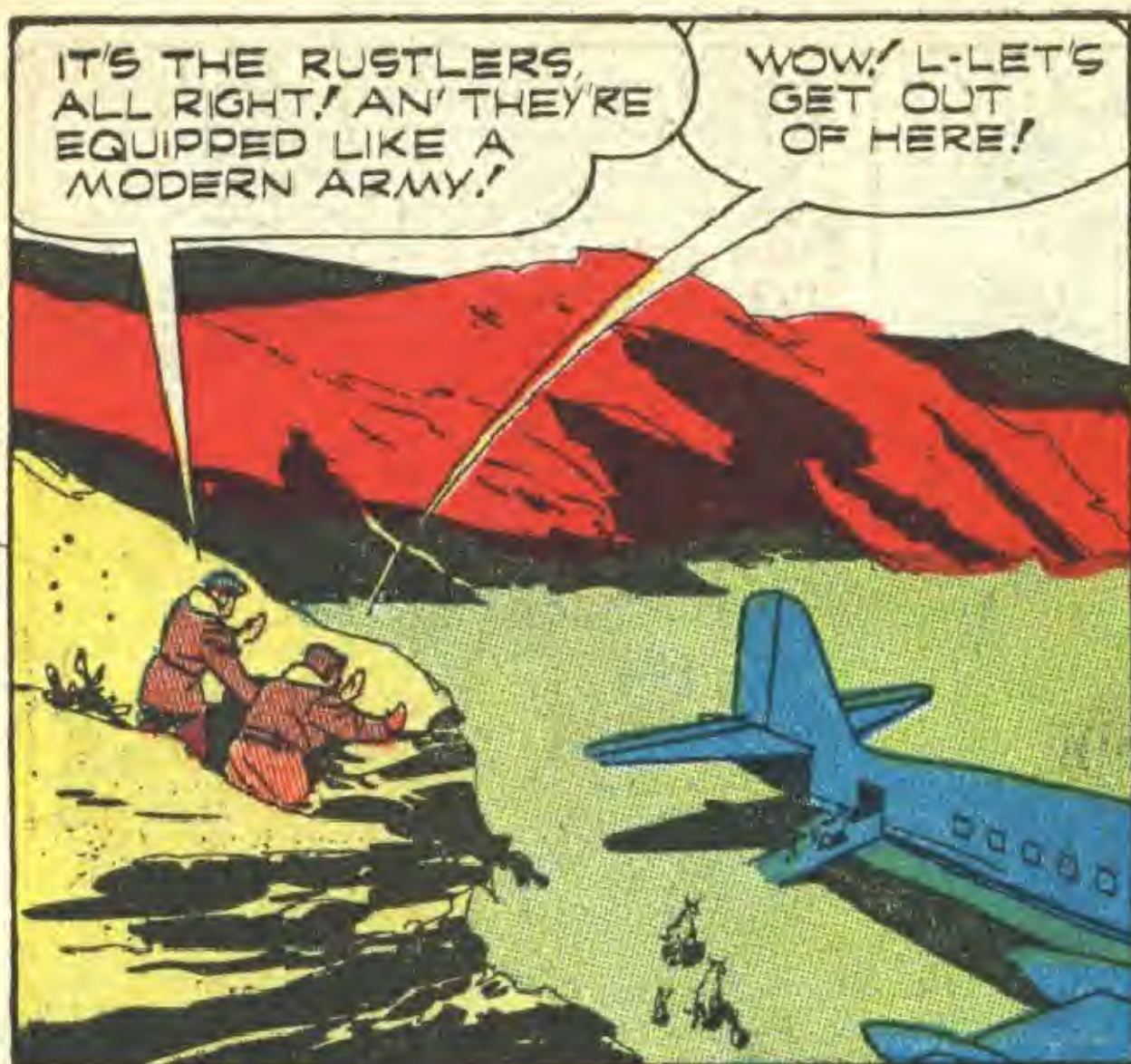
YOU GOTTA START EARNIN' YOUR CHOW, FATTY!

DON'T SEE A THING, EXCEPT THEM COWS!

AND THEY'RE ACTIN' STRANGE! LET'S LAND BEHIND ONE OF THOSE HILLS!







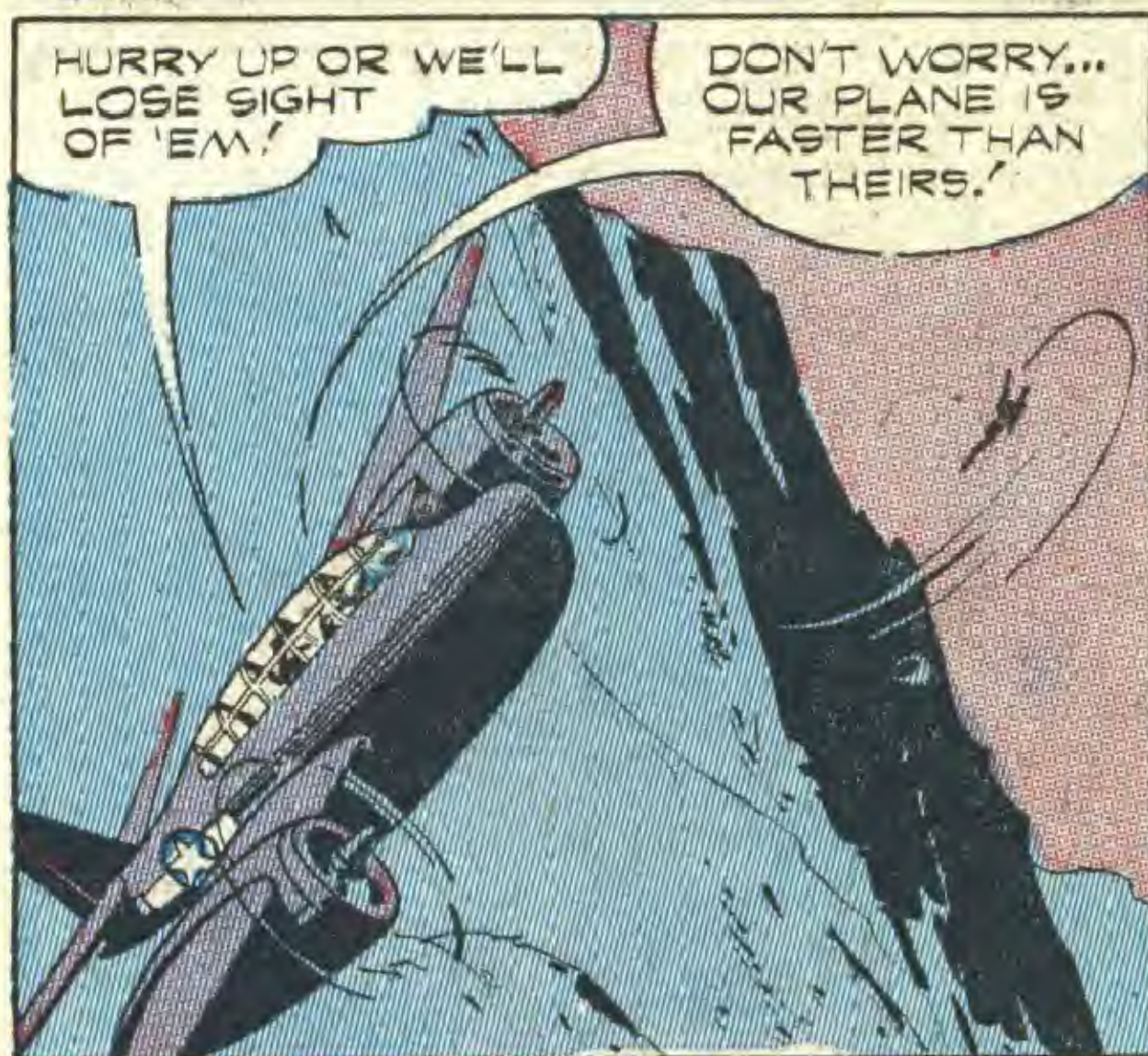
IT'S THE RUSTLERS,  
ALL RIGHT! AN' THEY'RE  
EQUIPPED LIKE A  
MODERN ARMY!

WOW! L-LET'S  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!



WE'LL STAY... RIGHT  
ON THE TAIL OF  
THESE THUGS!

OKAY, BUCK...  
BUT YA CAN'T  
MAKE ME  
LIKE IT!



HURRY UP OR WE'LL  
LOSE SIGHT  
OF 'EM!

DON'T WORRY...  
OUR PLANE IS  
FASTER THAN  
THEIRS!



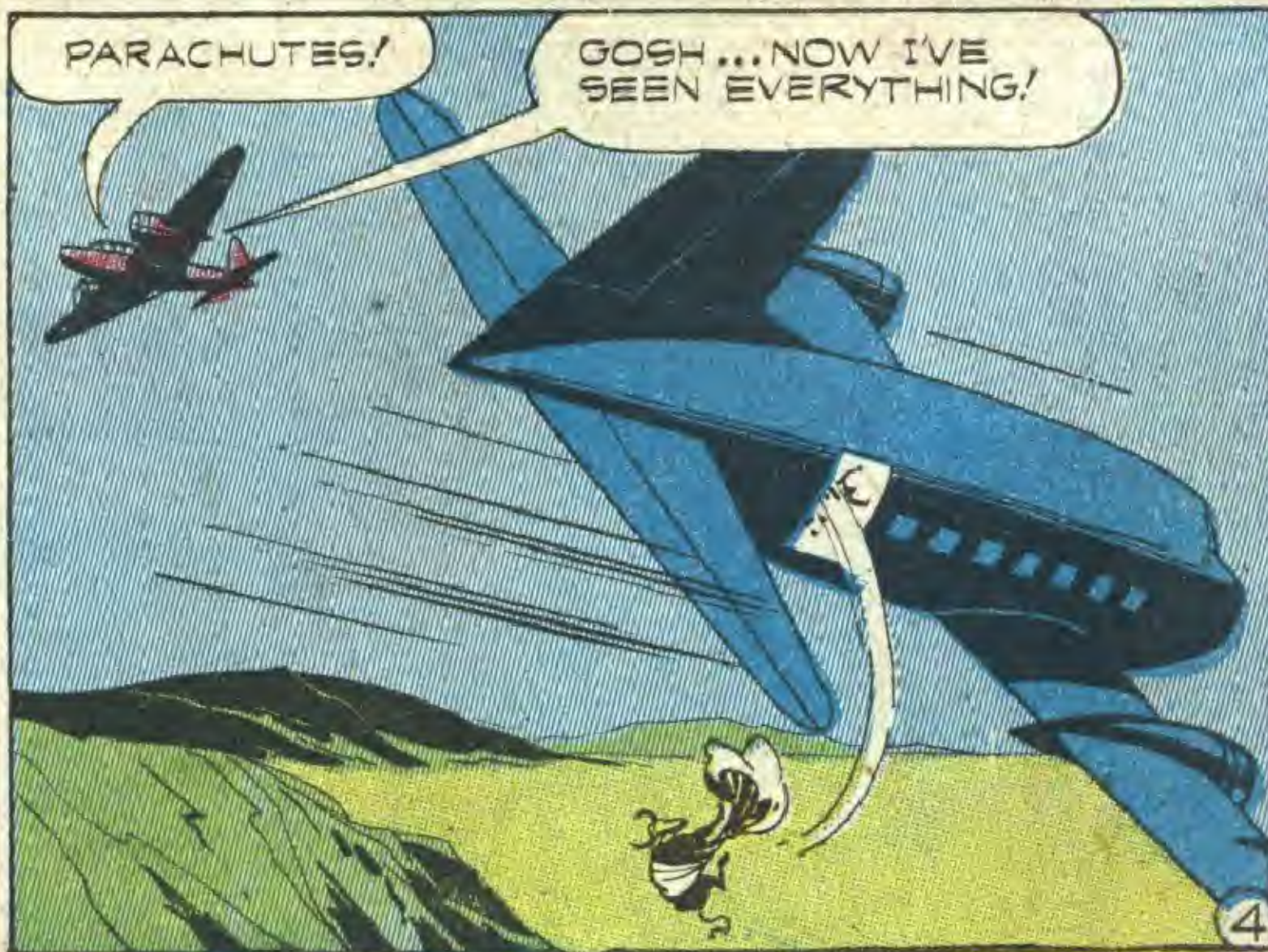
GEE... THEY *DID*  
DISAPPEAR  
AFTER ALL!

LOOK BELOW... IN  
THE VALLEY...  
THEM COWS!



CAN'T FIGURE  
OUT HOW THEY  
GOT THOSE  
STEERS INTO  
THAT VALLEY!

WE'LL SOON  
FIND OUT!  
HERE'S AN-  
OTHER ONE  
O' THEIR  
PLANES!



PARACHUTES!

GOSH... NOW I'VE  
SEEN EVERYTHING!





M-MAYBE WE BETTER GO BACK--FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

NOT A CHANCE! WE'RE HERE FOR ADVENTURE...AND THIS IS IT!



TAKE THE WHEEL, FATTY! HERES WHERE I DO SOME WORK WITH THAT STEEL CABLE!

OKAY... ONLY JIST DON'T RUSH ME!



LUCKY I TOOK LESSONS IN LARIAT-THROWIN! A LITTLE CLOSER, FATTY!

SURE YOU'RE FEELIN' ALL RIGHT BUCK?



FEELIN' GREAT, FATTY! NOW...CLIMB!

I HOPE Y'KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'! I DONT!



WHAT'RE WE DOIN' HITCHIN' A RIDE?

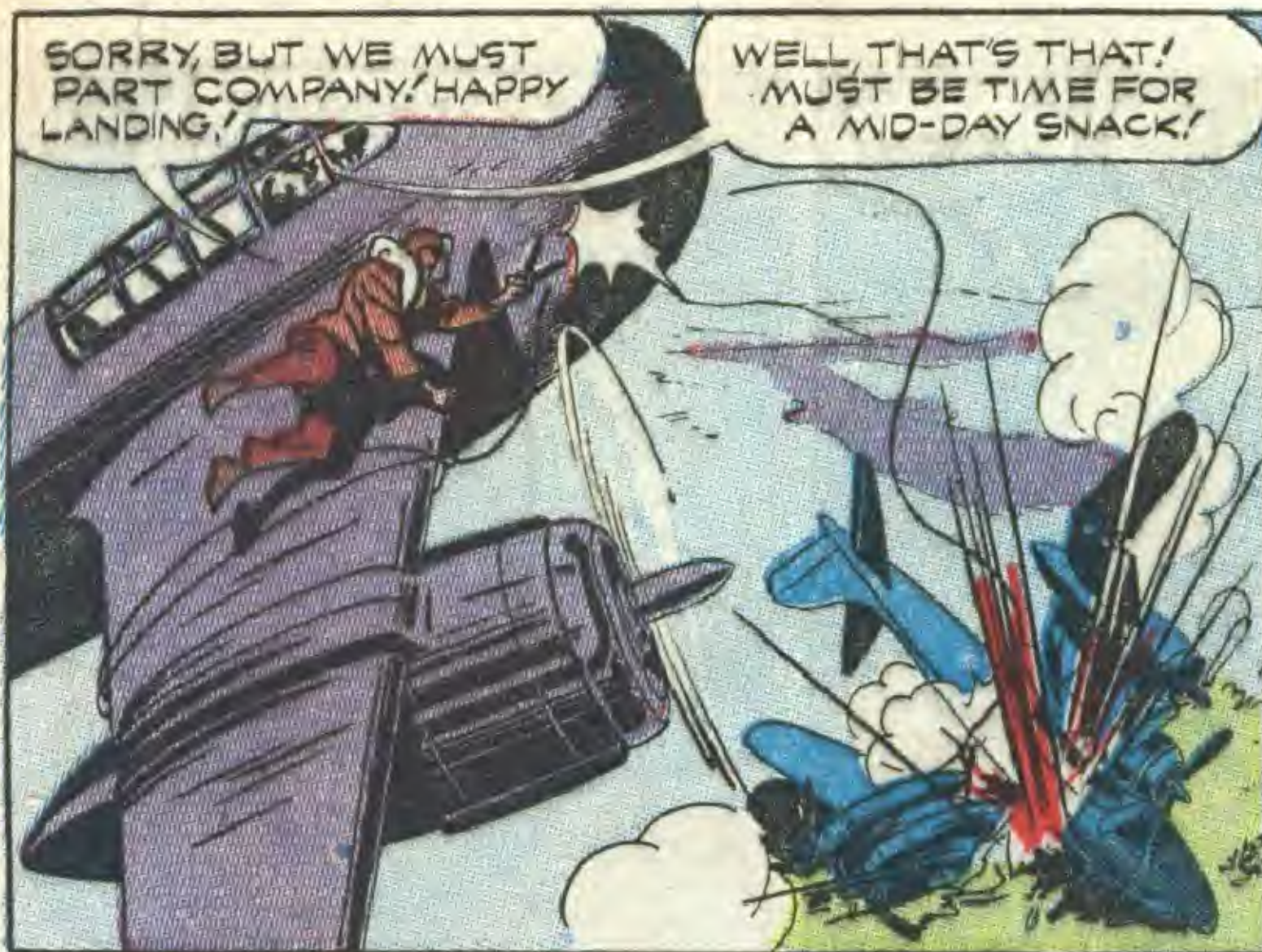
NO...WE'RE PUTTIN' THE JERK ON SOME JERKS!



THAT'S ONE WAY TO STOP A THIEF! I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, FATTY!

IT'S ALL YOURS!





SORRY, BUT WE MUST  
PART COMPANY! HAPPY  
LANDING!

WELL, THAT'S THAT!  
MUST BE TIME FOR  
A MID-DAY SNACK!



SKIP IT, FATTY!  
WE GOT SOME  
INVESTIGATIN'  
TO DO!

AW, I WAS  
JIST DREAMIN'  
ANYWAY!



I KNEW THERE MUST  
BE AN OPENING... SO  
THEY CAN RUN THE  
CATTLE OUT! AN'  
THAT'S IT!

W... WONDER IF  
THAT GUY'S GUN  
IS LOADED?



IT WON'T  
DO 'IM  
ANY GOOD  
NOW!

YOU TAKE 'IM  
BUCK. IT  
WOULDN'T BE  
FAIR TO GANG  
UP ON ONE MAN!



HERE'S  
A MAN  
FER YUH,  
BRAT,

TRY SOME SLEEP,  
CREEP!



WHO TOLD  
YOU T' BUTT  
IN?

I THOUGHT YOU  
NEVER TOOK  
EXERCISE,  
FATTY!









STRAY BULLET NOTHIN!  
JIST THOUGHT I'D  
CLIP OFF THAT  
THERE FUSE AFORE  
IT BURNED DOWN  
ANY LOWER!

MR.  
JENKINS!  
HOW...  
I?



WE WATCHED YOUR PLANE TAKE  
OFF, AN' THEN KINDA FOLLOWED  
WITH BINOCULARS! WE FIGURED  
OUT THE SPOT WHERE YA  
WENT DOWN AN' THEN  
SET OUT TO CATCH UP!

GEE...YOUR MEN  
SURE MADE  
A NEAT  
ROUNDUP O'  
THEM CROOKS!



WE OWE IT ALL T'  
YUH BOYS! NEVER  
COULDA TRACE  
EM' OURSELVES!

SEE YA BACK  
AT THE RANCH,  
MR. JENKINS!



*Later...*

YUH FELLAS DID SOME,  
RIGHT SMART LASSOIN'  
O' THAT PLANE IN THE  
AIR! HOW ABOUT TRYIN'  
YER LUCK WITH  
THAT STEER!

I'M A LITTLE  
LIGHT FOR  
IT... BUT  
FATTY'S  
JUST THE  
RIGHT  
BUILD!

WHO  
ME??



THIS OUGHTA  
REDUCE SOME  
O' THAT EXTRA  
BULK, FATTY!

I...I LIKE  
MY EXTRA  
BULK!



G...GUESS THAT  
COW JIST WANTS  
T' BE ALONE

TRY SOME  
O' THIS  
SON!

OH...MY BACK!  
HUH? ER...  
THINK I WILL  
JIST SAMPLE  
A BITE!





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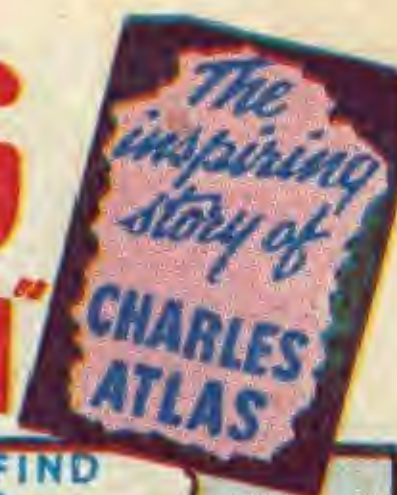
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